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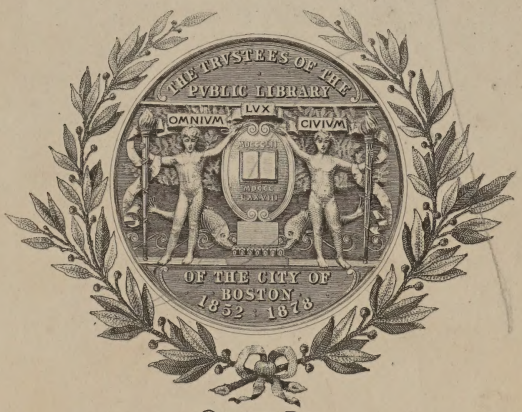


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# REMINISCENCES

OF A

# BOSTON MERCHANT

BY

BENJN F. FIELD

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BOSTON
RAND AVERY COMPANY
The Franklin Press
1887

William De Y. Field,

May 10, 1899

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# REMINISCENCES OF A BOSTON MERCHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

HUBERTUS DE LA FELD came to England from Colmar, an imperial city near Strasburg in Alsatia on the German border of France. He was of the family of the Counts de la Feld, who resided at Colmar as early as the sixth century. He came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and held lands in Lancashire in 1068, granted to him by the Conqueror for military services.

The de la Felds were common before the reign of Richard II. During the fourteenth century the prefix of "de la" was dropped, in consequence of the wars with France having made it unpopular.

In the fifteenth century the name of Field seems to have been generally substituted for that of Feld, Felde, and Fielde.

The coat-of-arms of the ancient de la Felds is

the same as that of the modern Fields, — "Sable à chevron between three garbs argent."

Sir John Field the astronomer was born about 1525, and died at Ardsley in England in 1587.

The first appearance of the name of Field without the prefix "de la," was in Ardsley and Bradford in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which borders on Lancashire, near the lands granted by the Conqueror to Hubertus de la Feld.

Sir John Field left eight sons and one daughter. The Fields of New England and New York and New Jersey are lineal descendants of Sir John Field.

Zechariah Field, son of John Field, and grandson of Sir John Field the astronomer, was born in Ardsley, England, in 1600, and emigrated to Boston, and settled in Dorchester in 1630.

In 1636 a large number of emigrants moved from Cambridge, Watertown, and Dorchester, to Hartford, Conn., — among whom was Zechariah Field, — and settled there. Zechariah moved to Northampton, returned to Hartford in 1663, and died at Hartford, June 30, 1666.

I am of the sixth generation from this Zechariah, and was born in Boston, Sept. 23, 1806, on the summit of Copp's Hill, at the head of Snow-hill Street, in a large white house now removed for the accommodation of the Boston Gas Company.

I was educated in Boston, primarily at Mrs. English's school, and then at the Mayhew School, under reading-masters Mullican and Hart, and writing-masters Holt and Finch.

About this time, there being a war with England, the American frigate "Constitution" captured the English frigate "Guerrière," which created a great sensation throughout the country. On the arrival of the "Constitution" at Boston, Commodore Hull with his crew marched up State Street with drum and fife amid a crowd; and it was a scene never to be forgotten. In the arms of my father on State Street, where the Merchants' Bank now stands, I witnessed this procession, and have a lively remembrance of it.

I finally graduated at the Boylston School on Fort Hill in 1820, obtaining a Franklin medal, and dining with the alumni in Faneuil Hall.

Then commenced my mercantile education. I entered the store of J. C. Hicks, in the dry-goods trade, on Kilby Street. After a few months Mr. Hicks retired from business. Then I went into the office of Bridge & Brown on India Wharf, where I continued for two or three years, and they retired. Thence I went into the house of Atkinson & Rollins, engaged in the East India and Dutch trades.

In those days it was customary for young men to enter counting-houses in the lowest capacity, such as opening and closing the office, making fires, copying letters, making out bills, etc., advancing gradually to higher work, book-keeper being considered the highest grade. Arriving at twenty-one years, his education completed, and his service ended, he gave way to the next in order, and was ready to be sent abroad.

Having had several years' experience before entering the office of Atkinson & Rollins, I was advanced rapidly to the position of book-keeper, and my time was soon up. Arrangements were made for a voyage for me, by ship "Malabar," as joint supercargo with Capt. Covell, to the Island of Sumatra, East Indies; and we sailed on the twenty-sixth day of November, 1827 (Sunday).

After a pleasant passage of a hundred and two days, we arrived and anchored in Qualah Battoo Roads at 4 P.M., March 6, 1828.

The next morning we went on shore, and called on Po Adams, the juretulis, who introduced us to the Rajah of Qualah Battoo. Some time before my experience began here, a native Sumatran, a Malay, named "Chebunter," rose from a low estate to an eminence, bringing under his control almost all the rajahs, and levying and collecting

a duty on the exports of pepper. He was a friend of the Americans, assisting them whenever in need. By many he was called the "Young Napoleon." He daily acquired power and fame. In the zenith of his glory he died. His American friends erected a monument to his memory at Qualah Battoo.

Po Adams was a noted man at that time. A juretulis is an interpreter, also secretary to the rajah; does all the trading with foreign shipping, collects duties on pepper exports, and settles with owners of merchandise sold.

March 9th, at 5 o'clock A.M., Capt. Covell and myself started off in our boat for "Labon Hadje," about fourteen miles distant. At Mingin, midway, we breakfasted on board brig "Wolga," then proceeded on our way, and arrived at "Labon Hadje" at noon.

We saw the rajah and juretulis. They agreed to load our ship, the "Malabar," before any other vessel, at the same rate that pepper was sold elsewhere.

We returned to the "Wolga," where we remained all night. Next morning at 3 A.M. started, and arrived at our ship at 5.30 A.M.

We immediately got under sail, and reached "Labon Hadje" at 12.30 P.M., anchored, and saluted with two guns.

On the 11th of March paid the rajah and juretulis a formal visit. The inhabitants of the place seemed to have turned out *en masse* to witness a sham fight, and the celebration of some festival which took place at the time: it was a formidable show. The rajah, Datoo Moodah, a very splendid man, desired us to keep close to him, fearing, perhaps, that some of his excited followers might forget themselves.

The next day, March 12th, the rajah and suite came on board to return our visit. As they came alongside, I counted, in the numerous boats, some ninety persons, a number which might have somewhat frightened me, had I been a little better posted as to the Malay character; but, by the side of Datoo Moodah, nothing alarmed me. We treated our company to a plentiful supply of ship-bread, raisins, sugar, and dried apples, which they heartily enjoyed.

We fired a salute of three guns in honor of the rajah and suite; and they retired at 2 P.M., having had a very good time.

On the 24th of March we completed a contract with Datoo Moodah for a cargo of pepper for the ship "Malabar" at six dollars per picul, juretulis fee $\frac{1}{8}$ dollar per picul, and boatage three dollars per hundred bags.

We commenced weighing and loading on the 29th of March. When a sufficient quantity of bags to warrant a boat-load is collected about the scales, we immediately go on shore, and commence work. The scales (in this case) were suspended from a tree. The weights are taken by hundredweights, quarters, and pounds, using old-fashioned 56s and smaller weights. Our first day's work was very small. The weights and scales are provided by the ship, and the weighing done by our sailors; and the weights taken by the juretulis and the supercargo, who frequently compare notes; so that, when the day's work is completed, the accounts being correct, the juretulis goes off to the ship with the supercargo, and receives in Spanish dollars the amount.

Our first day showed 149 bags pepper weighed as follows: —

| | cwt. | qrs. | lbs. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 70 | 3 | 24 | |
| Multiply by | 4 | | | for quarters. |
| | 283 | qrs. | | Double, and carry 1 place to the left. |
| | 566 | | | |
| | 18 | | | Add three-fourths of the pounds. |

Piculs 59.61 catties, @ $6 per picul = $357.66.

I give these figures, that any one interested may understand the method of the Malays.

One evening there came on board a young man, claiming to be a rajah, with his suite of four or five men. We had heard of him before. He was the son-in-law of Datoo Moodah, and had a small fort some three miles south of the weighing-place of Labon Hadje. He had determined to establish a pepper-market at his own landing-place, inspired by the success of "Chebunter." The object of this visit was to induce us to aid him, and take pepper at his scales alternately day and day, with Labon Hadje, offering us some inducement. Knowing the rights and power of Datoo Moodah, we declined having any thing whatever to do with this man.

The next evening he called again, to notify us that on the following day he should open fire on our scales, if we persisted in our resolution to refuse his pepper; and he departed threateningly.

On the following morning a large quantity of pepper had been brought to the scales. We had weighed many bags, not thinking of any attack, when suddenly the report of a cannon was heard: at the same time a ball struck the beach a little distance from the foot of the scales, and bounded upward among the trees, scattering the gravel on those standing near, creating a general stampede. Many of the pepper-owners conveyed away their stock. A grand consultation was held: after half

an hour it was concluded to renew the weighing. All was going on well again, when a second report, with startling effect, was heard. The crowd dispersed in every direction. The ball struck in precisely the same spot, scattering the gravel, and bounding through the trees, as before. In a very short time the pepper had wholly disappeared, and not a man was to be seen near the premises.

Capt. Covell, a very brave and fearless man, was bent upon at once attacking the fort, and spiking the guns. Datoo Moodah besought him to do nothing of the kind: this was his affair, which he should settle in his own way. But Capt. Covell persisted, proceeded to the ship, called for volunteers, and fitted out our boat with ten men, each armed with a musket, and making, with Capt. Covell and myself, a force of twelve. Every man on board the ship volunteered.

I would mention that one of our crew — by name Van Ransalear, of the Patroon family — was a graduate of West Point. To him had been given charge of the armament on board from the commencement of the voyage, and there had been much drilling of the sailors. The muskets were polished, and looked like new pieces. I was stationed in the bow, and Capt. Covell took his station in the stern.

The boat was cast adrift from the ship amidst cheers of those remaining on board; and as she sped through the water, rowed by practised oarsmen, the muskets gleaming in the sunlight, and the flag floating in the breeze, she made a very formidable appearance for a little thing. As we approached the shore of the fort, the drums called to arms; and a platoon of about twenty men, armed with blunderbusses, marched down to within three or four rods of the landing, and halted in line. Our boat grounded on the coral reef. I jumped out to steady her, and, being barefooted, lacerated my feet very badly. An officer then came down to the boat, asking in good English, what we wanted. We replied, that no more guns be fired. He answered, "No more will be fired." He then turned to me, as I was on shore, saying, "It will be much better for you to go on board your ship." We then left and went over to the Labon Hadje scales, but could not convince the men that there would be no more firing. Alarmed, they refused to bring more pepper to the scales.

On the 1st of May, at 8 A.M., we weighed anchor, and sailed for Muckie. Arrived at 6 P.M., and saluted.

Shortly after leaving Labon Hadje, we learned

that Datoo Moodah sent a party over to his son-in-law for a peaceful interview ; but they (the party) seized upon him, and stabbed him to death.

*May 17th.* — The loading of the "Malabar" was completed this day, having on board 9,970 bags, weighing $4{,}864\frac{12}{100}$ piculs of pepper in bulk.

On the 18th of May we set sail from Muckie for home at 6.30 P.M., with light northwardly winds.

Arrived in Boston on Sunday, Aug. 28th, 1828.

## CHAPTER II.

MY second voyage abroad was by ship "Pagoda," Capt. Cassius Darling, to Cuba and St. Petersburg, I being supercargo of the ship. We sailed from Boston, February, 1829. Gen. Vives was governor of Cuba at this time. Piracies were said to be very numerous in the vicinity of Cuba. Four vessels were reported captured; viz., "New Priscilla," "Attentive," and two foreign vessels. At Havana and Matanzas I purchased a cargo of white sugars, and sailed for St. Petersburg, April 12th. Arrived at Elsineur, May 22nd, and was quarantined there four days. Arrived at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, June 1st.

Sold my cargo promptly, and returned to Boston per brig "Russian," — Capt. Rider, — with Mr. Edward Austin, a fellow-passenger.

The result of these my first two voyages was very satisfactory.

Nothing of importance occurred on this last voyage. We arrived safely at Boston, and entered the harbor in company with ship "Candace," which

vessel was homeward bound from a voyage of three years from the north-west coast of America.

In Boston, up to 1830, or later, it was the custom for merchants to meet on "Change," as it was called, on State Street, between the hours of 1 and 2 P.M., to discuss the news of the day, and to transact any business that might offer.

One day I was standing there, looking for some one, when an aristocratic old gentleman touched me on the shoulder, saying, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who that gentleman is, in front of that door?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied: "that is Mr. Benjamin Humphrey of Boston."

"Well, he is the image of Gen. Washington. I have seen and knew the general for many years."

Upon inquiry, I learned that he was a Southerner.

My third voyage was per ship "Candace" — Capt. Lindsay — from Boston to Sumatra, which sailed Oct. 21st, 1829. We had an agreeable passage to the southward of Cape de Verde Islands, — to latitude 7° north; longitude, 23° west, — twenty-three days out, when we came into what is called (by sailors) the doldrums, — squally, rainy, and changeable weather, sailors constantly employed in taking in and spreading sail.

About 9 P.M. of Nov. 12th, I was lying on the

ship's transom, with my head to the cabin-window, when I heard music coming from without in exquisite strains, — celestial, I thought. I hastened on deck to inquire. Nothing had been heard there. All hands were at work taking in sail. I returned to the cabin, and listened in vain for more of the music.

At daybreak the mate of the ship came into the cabin, and announced to the captain that a long, low, black vessel was following astern, with all sail set. All sail on our own vessel was ordered. I went on deck, and saw in the distance, astern, a black brig in full chase. After breakfast, of which very little was partaken, we took our stations on the quarter-deck, all sail possible being pressed on both vessels. Occasionally a squall would strike us, but we kept all sail spread, at the imminent risk of our spars; while the chaser would drop hers, but speedily set them again. Soon she rounded to, hoisted a red flag, and fired a gun. The ball struck the water a few rods astern of us. After this she continued to fire every fifteen to twenty minutes. Gradually the balls reached our vessel, and passed over her, or through her rigging.

At about 4 P.M. she was alongside, and we hove to. During the interval from daybreak to this,

4 P.M., piratical stories were discussed by officers and crew, and their imagination wrought up to the highest pitch. The robbery of the ship "Topaz" of Boston from Calcutta, and the murder of all hands, including the supercargoes, was fresh in our minds. We had reason to expect the worst.

Immediately a boat was despatched from the brig with ten or a dozen hands, and came alongside. One man stepped up the gangway; and, as he appeared above the railing, he was greeted by our second mate, Watts, who was in attendance, with, "Why! how are you, Antonio? I am glad to see you." Without moving a muscle, or saying a word in reply, Antonio demanded, "What ship is this? where bound, and what cargo?" to which the captain answered, "This is the ship 'Candace,' bound to Sumatra, and in ballast."

Antonio then said, "Remain as you are. I shall report to my captain." He made a motion to descend, when I stepped to the rail, and asked, "What brig is that?" — "A man-of-war," he answered, and departed.

During their absence, Watts became terribly excited, declaring this fellow to be a pirate, and one who had been tried for his life, and escaped. He had been steward of ship "Messenger" at Havana, of which vessel Watts was second mate,

and had urged Watts to join him on that voyage to Guinea, and gave him glowing accounts of what was to come of it: the vessel was then fitting out. Watts declined, and came to Boston, and shipped as second mate on board the "Candace," little expecting to see this Antonio again. He now gave up all hopes of escaping from these desperadoes: he knew that we should all be murdered! After these accounts from Watts, we lost no time in secreting valuables, and preparing for the worst. It was determined to blow up the ship if violence were attempted. A steel and flint and a loaded pistol were placed in the lazaret for the purpose. All the arms on board were scattered about, to be at hand in case of emergency.

The boat soon returned, with a much larger party. They rushed on board, brandishing their daggers and knives, and crying, "Go below, go below!" until every man was under deck. The hatchways were then closed, and much work was done, such as removing the long-boat from her berth, and making preparations for discharging cargo. After a while, discovering, apparently, there was no cargo aboard, they came to the companion-way, and down into the cabin. An officer beckoned Capt. Lindsay to go on deck; but, before reaching it, he was ordered back. Then I was ordered up,

and, as soon as seen, ordered back; but I saw Antonio on deck. He pointed down into the cabin to Watts, indicating him to be the man. The officer then ordered up Watts; but he, preferring to remain where he was, declined to move; whereupon two rough-looking desperadoes, knives in hand, jumped down the stairway, and, seizing him by the collar, lifted him on deck in a very short time, using their knives more or less.

After the exit of Watts, several of the gang, including Antonio, came into the cabin, and demanded a list of the cargo, saying if any thing was found, not mentioned, the life of every one on board would be taken.

Some one of the officers, pointing to the hatch of the lazaret, said, "There you will find all." Instantly the hatch was removed; and there the specie, some twenty thousand dollars, — silver Spanish pillared dollars, — in boxes, stood in full sight, together with a quantity of opium, and the copper magazine.

The specie and opium were hoisted up through the skylight-hatch to the deck: the magazine was opened, and much powder spilled on the floor of the lazaret, by reason of the rotten woollen charges. When every thing was removed, they began with axes, hatchets, and chisels to cut up

the floor in search of further booty. I thought they would set fire to the powder, and save us the work of blowing up the ship; but we escaped. As the last of the opium-cases went on deck, Antonio said to me, "We will make you a present of this."

There was a general ransacking of the whole ship during the removal of the specie, and every thing that could be made use of by these fellows was taken away.

Antonio walked into my stateroom, and directed my trunks to be opened. I unlocked them; and after looking over my clothes, and seeing that they were for shore-use only, he said, "Shut them up." He then opened my writing-desk, and saw a small box containing a collection of coins which I had gathered in Russia, Cuba, and other places: this he appropriated, and, closing the desk, came out from the stateroom, saying, "Shut this door, or these fellows will take every thing." He then pushed the table against the door. Certainly Antonio was very considerate in my case.

A cask of wine on board, as ship-stores, was found by them, and drank largely of, making them very lively toward the last. The fellows then left the cabin, spiking up the doors of the companion-way. At seven o'clock, it getting dark, they began to leave us. We followed up through the

skylight, and saw the last man go over the railing. They had gone! This was a great relief, such as one can hardly conceive of who has not passed through a similar experience. Shortly after, we were horror-stricken by discovering the deck of the ship covered with blood. Upon searching, we found the doorways of the forecastle also spiked, and very securely. Clearing away the fastenings, we released the crew, together with poor Watts, for whom we had suffered the greatest anxiety. He had been cut severely upon the fleshy part of the thigh, in his removal from the cabin, and bled so freely as to half fill his boot; yet he was not aware of having been wounded, so great was his excitement at the handling of the pirates; and, evidently anticipating something worse, he became oblivious of the present. After a short consultation, we determined to return to Boston.

The next morning, the mate called us all on deck for an inspection, before the usual washing down. It seems the pigs (some half-dozen or more) were stabbed at random with the boarding-pikes, and allowed to go about until exhausted and dead, thus washing the decks with blood. They were then taken away by the pirates, together with all the poultry except two or three chickens, which escaped in the rigging.

The celestial music mentioned at the beginning of this account, was probably from the crew of the pirate vessel, which had doubtless approached very near to us, following our cabin-lights; and the singing of the sailors, as they made or shortened sail, caused that mysterious music floating over the water.

This robbery was committed on the 13th of November, 1829. We arrived home at Boston on the 10th of December.

## CHAPTER III.

THE "Candace" refitted, and, with a new set of officers and crew, started afresh on her voyage from Boston, sailing Jan. 1st, 1830, for Sumatra, and, without any thing of interest occurring, arrived at Muckie, April 12th. We commenced at once loading pepper, bought at $4.25 per picul; boatage, $3 per hundred bags; and juretulis fee, 10 cents per picul. It being late in the season, we had to move from Muckie, and complete her lading at several other ports, — viz., South Tallapow, Sowung Secoolat, and Labon Hadje, — and sailed May 27th for Leghorn, and arrived there Nov. 6th.

About the middle of October, 1830, one fine day, on our way up the Mediterranean, the atmosphere clear as crystal, easterly wind blowing about a seven-knot breeze, we passed the French fleet of some fifty sail of vessels, from three-decker ships down to the smallest class. The three-deckers were in the van, with all possible sail spread before the wind.

The "Candace," in front of a three-decker, close

hauled with larboard tacks aboard, passed so close that it seemed almost impossible to escape being run down by the mighty ship, the largest of the fleet; but she sheered at last, and allowed us to pass in safety. This fleet formed the grandest spectacle. All were flying the tricolored flag.

When we left America, nearly a year before, Charles X. was the reigning monarch of France, with no signs of trouble; but we knew there must have been a revolution. This proved to be the fact. Charles X. had fled, and Lafayette and Louis Philippe were at the head of the government.

Including quarantine, we were six months from shore to shore, it being the longest time on shipboard, without stepping on shore, I ever experienced.

Another voyage to Sumatra was concluded upon, to terminate at Boston, this making my fourth voyage.

In the interval of refitting, I made an excursion for pleasure and information; visited Pisa and Florence, and went the usual rounds at these places. I then engaged for a trip to Rome, with a veturino, to be five days on the way, with four other passengers, — viz., a priest; Lieut. Airy of the British frigate "Blonde," who had just re-

turned from the Sandwich Islands, whither they had transported the remains of the late queen of those islands; a newly married pair, being a Bolognese officer in the Roman service, and his bride; and myself, making five. As I was engaged to attend a grand ball on the evening of the departure of the vetura, I took a post-chaise later, and overtook it in the morning, and joined my companions, — a very pleasant company.

The priest rode with the veturino outside; the married pair inside, occupying the back seat; Lieut. Airy and myself took the front seat: thus we travelled on very leisurely, taking two meals per day, — breakfast and dinner. The bride was my *vis-a-vis,* and I admired her very much.

Capt. R. D. Blinn of the "Candace" (my captain) had passed almost his whole life at the Sandwich Islands and the north-west coast of America; and during the year I was at sea with him, I picked up much knowledge of those places, quite astonishing the English sailor, as I related many of the anecdotes familiar to everybody on the islands; and a pleasant intimacy grew up between us.

We passed through Sienna, where there is a beautiful church (containing busts of the popes), which we all visited; also passed through Monte-

fiascone, celebrated for its wine: we tested its sweet and delicious quality.

On the fourth day of our journey, as we were driving along, about 4 P.M., we came to a tabaret. The veturino stopped at the door, and asked for cigars and fire: several rough-looking fellows came forward, one of them speaking English, claimed acquaintance with me, having known me in London. At that time I had never been in London. We drove on, settling into our seats. The sun set; the tinges brightened, then faded, leaving the clouds disrobed and of a dingy gray; the mists rose, darkness came upon the face of the land, and it was night. One after another sank into repose: the rumbling of the wheels, and now and then the crack of the whip, alone were heard. To these I listened in my drowsiness; but a deeper sleep was just shutting out even these sounds, when suddenly the bride gave a piercing shriek. We could not think what had happened: then a commotion on top of the coach took place. A gang of fellows was attempting to loosen the baggage on the roof, but the herculean veturino and the valiant priest discomfited the robbers; and the horses were whipped up to the top of their speed, and fled away.

At the back of the coach was a panel-hole, a

lapel covering it. Feeling something touch her head, the bride raised her hand to ascertain the cause, when she took hold of a big, brawny hand, which forced her to make that shriek so thrilling.

The horses were kept on until we arrived at a post-house, — a large castle of a place, — any thing but inviting. We were ushered into a room up-stairs. In passing through the passage, we saw the pot-room, where sat some half-dozen dirty-looking, bearded rascals at their potations, enveloped in smoke. We put up for the night (this was not the house where we had intended to stop). Dinner was ordered for the party. After a while it was served; and we five sat down to appease our hunger, and talk over the incidents of the day: the poor bride's imagination wandered so much as to almost take away her reason; she believed the banditti who infested the country had marked us out for plunder, and besought her husband not to proceed at the appointed hour, which was five o'clock in the morning. When about half through the meal, we were startled by a great disturbance below. Such a clattering of chairs, knocking over of tables, smashing of crockery, oaths, and yelling, were never heard before. All jumped up from the table to rush down-stairs.

The bride, sitting by my side, clasped her arms around me, shrieking out, "*Non mi lascia, non mi lascia!*" — "*Mai, non mai!*" I responded, and continued to hold her closely. When quiet was restored below, the gentlemen returned, together with the veturino, who was greatly excited. I passed the bride over to the groom: he received her with a "*grazie.*" The persons whom we met at the tabaret the day before, and who attempted the robbery of baggage, had an encounter at the table below, and, threatening our veturino, swore he should never reach Rome alive.

After much deliberation, it was determined to continue on in the morning at five o'clock. All then retired to their allotted chambers for the night. I was ushered into a very large room. After bolting the door, I made a thorough search of the place: from one of the windows of the apartment, I saw a large heap of manure, showing that the room underneath was used as a stable. Pondering what I should do, a rap at the door startled me. I went to it, and inquired, "*Chi é?*" When Lieut. Airy responded, "Let me in," I opened it; and he entered, saying he did not like the looks of things, and he thought we had better remain together here in my room, to which suggestion I readily assented. "I cannot sleep a

wink," said he. "In the morning we are to pass through that cursed forest, where more murders and robberies are committed than in any other part of Italy. I have a great mind to wait the arrival of the *malle-poste*, and go on with an escort." — "Nonsense," said I: "the post will be full, and you will lose your chance of getting on, perhaps for days." And it was concluded we should keep together. The lieutenant was evidently much concerned.

Not very long after this, there came another rap. This time the veturino was admitted. He came to say, although *five* o'clock in the morning was given out as the hour of departure, for good reasons he had changed the time to *three* o'clock; and he wished us to be ready at that hour, and to come off as quietly as possible. At the appointed time he came to our door with his little flock; and we silently moved away together, and started from the stable, and for some ten miles kept up our speed to the best abilities of the horses; one object of the veturino being, to get beyond a certain forest before daylight. Nothing occurred to startle the imagination of our passengers until morning, when a herald from Rome came rushing by, announcing the death of Pope Pio VIII., which occurred on the afternoon of the previous day.

The many domes and towers bespoke our approach to the Eternal City, and finally the mighty dome of St. Peter's burst upon our view. And then we soon passed that splendid portal into the magnificent Piazza del Popolo.

## CHAPTER IV.

MY first visit to Rome! We stopped at a hotel on Via Condotti, just out from Piazza di Spagna. In the evening I went to St. Peter's Church, to witness the procession attending the body of the Holy Father to the Basilica, where it was to lie in state. The body was placed in a sitting posture on a throne lifted by four mules, and was clad in the fullest costume of state; the streets through which the procession passed were illuminated brilliantly, and lined with troops; it passed through the arcade of the left wing of the Basilica, accompanied by a large band of musicians discoursing very pathetic music, such as I had seldom heard. It was raining hard all this time. I drove home without having entered the church. This pageant surpassed any thing I had ever witnessed.

A day or two after, while descending the Pincian Hill to the Piazza, I noticed a crowd enter the Porta del Popolo, attended by policemen, together with porters bearing several trunks. I

thought of our assailants, and possibly that these fellows were of the same gang that attacked us.

The death of the Pope interfered somewhat with our excursions, many places being closed. By the exertions of the English and American consuls, a special permit was obtained for a party (of which I was one) to visit the Vatican and Capitol buildings. I had the honor of kissing the great toe of His Holiness, Pio VIII., in St. Peter's Church. Witnessed the procession of the cardinals going into conclave for the election of a new Pope, — a large number of decrepit men. On an occasion of this kind, all the cardinals are usually present. Previously we had inspected the apartments allotted to these holy men. Each suite was furnished according to the taste and ability of the intended occupant, — some sumptuously, some plainly.

As soon as the procession had entered the building, the doorway was immediately closed up by masons with bricks and mortar. Thus, the cardinals could have no communication with the outer world, — the building being plain brick walls, without a window.

After each ballot for a Pope, the tickets are thrown into a fire; and the smoke issues from a

flue into the street, for the information of the public.

During my stay in Rome, no election was accomplished. Sometimes several weeks elapse before a decision is arrived at.

I returned to Florence by *malle-poste* with escort, and to Leghorn.

We sailed on the 10th of January, 1831, from Leghorn, per ship "Candace," — Capt. R. D. Blinn, — for Sumatra and Boston, — being the second voyage of the "Candace," and fourth voyage in my course. Arrived at Patty, Sumatra, June 5th, and contracted for pepper at $4.50 per picul; boatage, $3.25 per 100 bags: then at Taloo Gooloompung, — $4.50 per picul; boatage, $3.00 per 100 bags: then at Muckie, — $4.75 per picul; boatage, $3.00 per 100 bags; juretulis commission, $0.10: then at Mingin, — $4.75: North Tallapow, — same price; boatage, $3.50 per 100 bags; juretulis commission, $0.12½ per picul.

Sailed from Mingin, Sumatra, for Boston, July 28th. Arrived at Boston, Nov. 24th, and closed up the business of the fourth voyage.

Fifth voyage, per brig "Wolga," Capt. Evans, for Cuba and Russia. Sailed Feb. 22nd. Arrived at Havana, March 10th. Loaded with sugars, and sailed for St. Petersburg, April 12th, and arrived

July 1st. Took apartments at Mrs. Wilson's, Galernoy Oulitz. Found St. Petersburg the same magnificent city as before, bright and dazzling as a new coin.

There is no city in Europe that strikes the eye with so much grandeur and magnificence as St. Petersburg. It has no associations to impart an interest to it other than that of the indomitable perseverance of its founder: it is almost wholly dependent upon the name it has acquired, of the "Most Magnificent," for its attractiveness; and well it deserves this name; for what other city has a Newski perspective? — a street three miles in length, perfectly level and straight, lined with superb buildings, bounded at one extremity by the church of Alexander Newski, with its silvered dome, and at the other by the Admiralty, with an immense spire sheathed with ducat gold; an Isaac's Church, with its polished granite columns with golden bases, and Corinthian capitals (then in course of construction); an imperial palace, with a façade of a mile and a half in extent, and a corresponding piazza in front; a world-renowned equestrian statue of Peter the Great in bronze gilt; streets paraded by a motley set of soldiers, officers, and grandees from all the northern tribes of Europe and Asia; and Circassians, Georgians,

Persians, etc., unequalled in splendor of dress, — a city, to build which, an empire was drained ; yet, when the eye is satiated, what a wearisome desert it becomes ! And Nicholas the Czar, if it were possible, outshone himself, as I remembered him on a previous visit, — Nicholas, the finest-looking man in the world ! I saw him almost daily in the streets, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in carriage.

At this time Mr. John Randolph (a very eccentric gentleman) represented our country at the Russian court. He arrived in the sloop-of-war "Jamestown" at Cronstadt, and gave notice that he should take the packet-boat to St. Petersburg. The packet waited some time for him. During the passage, the fares are usually collected. When they came to Mr. Randolph, he tendered the customary fare. The purser said, "In consideration of the detention of the boat for your special convenience, something additional is expected." Mr. Randolph replied that he should pay only the usual fare ; and that was all he did pay.

At St. Petersburg, on his arrival at the house prepared for him, he declined to accept it, and ordered the coachman to take him to the boarding-house patronized by the Americans. On his arrival there, Mrs. Wilson, the landlady, had to inform

him it was impossible for her to accommodate him, as her house was full, excepting the attic and cellar. "Well," said Mr. Randolph, "I will take the attic and cellar." Several of the boarders standing near tendered their apartments; but he declined their courtesy, and determined to take the attic and cellar. Mrs. Wilson explained that the attic was only accessible by ladder through a scuttle at the top of the wall. He said that made no difference, and forthwith took possession of it for himself, and the cellar for his attendants, which they occupied some eight or ten days, as long as they remained in St. Petersburg. During that time Mr. Randolph took a great fancy to a son of Mrs. Wilson, a lad of eight or ten years, and who spoke fluently four languages. He offered to take him home to America, and have him educated; but she declined his offer. I told her she was making a mistake. "Why, the man is crazy! I wouldn't think of such a thing," she replied.

Mr. Randolph created quite a sensation when presented to the emperor and empress. When ushered into the court-room, he deliberately pulled off his soiled gloves, and replaced them with new, then advanced before the emperor, and dropped upon his knees; and when the emperor expostulated, Mr. Randolph said, "An' please your majesty,

I know what is etiquette." The empress, a very lovely woman, was seized with such a violent fit of laughter, she had to be conveyed away from the court-room.

This was Mr. Randolph's own version of the story of his presentation, as described to Baron Stieglitz and others at Mrs. Wilson's, just after his return from the reception.

Mrs. Wilson had about twenty boarders, captains and supercargoes of American vessels principally. These gentlemen generally amused themselves evenings playing cards, *vingt-et-un* being the favorite game. I was never inclined to play much, and, when the deal fell to my lot, would sell out. Some of the party, observing this, determined to bring me out a little ; and, when the next deal came to me, no one would purchase or accept it. The players began to double up, and lay much heavier bets, and I began to tremble ; but I turned a *vingt-et-un*, and received a double all round. These followed in quick succession. At the end of the playing, I had acquired a large sum. I felt uneasy in the possession of so much money, gained in such a way, so, to ease my conscience, invited all the players to meet at a restaurant on the Newski Prospect the next day, and I would treat to a champagne lunch ; which was done, to the

satisfaction of all: but we had no more *vingt-et-un* during my stay in Russia.

Mr. Buchanan soon followed Mr. Randolph as minister to Russia. He was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Wilson's, and was very social with her boarders.

## CHAPTER V.

I ENGAGED passage per steamer "Alexandria" for Lubec, in company with friends Sewall Tappan and William A. Hayden, bound through to Boston, and twenty-nine others for Lubec. Among them were Mr. Baxter, secretary of legation to the English embassy; and Mr. Worms, a German; Mr. Peters, a Portuguese; a Russian count, Wittgenstein; a Russian courier, a Persian, and several ladies: and we sailed July 29th, 1832.

*July 30th.* — Passed the Russian fleet, consisting of eighteen sail, making a highly respectable appearance.

*Aug. 1st.* — Arrived at Travamunde, and took passage in a small steamer, "Britannia," for Lubec, at which place we arrived at 11 P.M., and ordered a dinner for six. While in course of preparation, we strolled out for a glimpse of the town. To our horror, we encountered a wagon gathering up bodies, from houses where they had died of cholera, and piled together like wood. We hastened back to the hotel, and took our departure at the earliest

possible moment after dinner. At 1.30 A.M., of the 2d of August, we started from Lubec in a coach for Hamburg. After passing over one of the most wretched roads in Europe, we arrived at Hamburg at 12 M., distance forty miles. After dinner we rambled about the city, a beautiful place. The promenades in particular are very fine. Took lodgings at the Hotel de Russie, one of the best.

*Aug. 3d.* — Bought a watch of Dimier. Went to the opera in the evening.

*Aug. 4th.* — Rode out of the city to a celebrated watering-place with Mr. Worms, our companion from St. Petersburg, a pleasant gentleman, who treated us with the utmost politeness. We were introduced to his wife and other relatives, with whom we took supper, returning to the city at 10 P.M.

*Aug. 6th.* — Left Hamburg with much regret, and arrived at Bremen the next day. Took up our quarters at the Hotel de Lindenhofe, a very good establishment.

*Aug. 8th.* — This morning, with Mr. Meier, of the house H. H. Meier & Co., went to the cathedral, in the cellar of which is a natural curiosity, — a cave, from which issues a draught of air that has the property of drying substances, and preventing putrefaction. Here are several human bodies in

a state of nudity, which have been preserved, and have been lying there from thirty to four hundred years, and are in a remarkable state of preservation. Went to the celebrated Stadt wine-cellar; drank hock forty-nine years old, judged to be the best (a little tart); oldest two hundred and eight years. Visited the warehouses of Messrs. Meier & Co. In the afternoon rode out to a pavilion in the country, about six miles, and took dinner with these gentlemen, rolled ninepins, and returned at ten o'clock.

*Aug. 9th.* — Went to an auction-sale of tobacco, where was exhibited a remarkable degree of comfort, everybody seated on easy-chairs, smoking cigars, and feasting on bread and cheese, drinking wine, etc. These dainties are furnished at the expense of the goods sold. At 5 P.M. left Bremen for Osnabruck by diligence.

*Aug. 12th.* — Arrived at Utrecht, a beautiful town. Went to the museum, and to the top of the celebrated tower, or dome, three hundred and eighty-eight feet high, from which is a very extensive view. Amsterdam can be distinctly seen, distant twenty-five miles. Left Utrecht, per diligence, for Amsterdam at 4 P.M. After three and a half hours' drive, reached that place, and took up our quarters at the Hotel Grand Doelen au Singel.

Went in the evening to the celebrated Saloon Frascati, and other places of minor importance.

*Aug.* 13*th.* — Visited the palace of the royal family. Quite magnificent! Went to the Exchange.

*Aug.* 14*th.* — Went to the museum, thence to the large synagogue, and in the evening to the Saloon Mille Colonne.

*Aug.* 16*th.* — Left Amsterdam for Haarlem. Went immediately to the principal church, built in 1372, containing the grand organ, the finest in the world. Paid one pound sterling to have it played for one hour. Was awe-struck with the sublimity of its music. Heard "The Storm," etc. Went to the Hotel de Ville, and saw the first book ever printed with types, invented by Coster.

Left Haarlem for the Hague. Passed a few hours at Leyden. Saw the palace of Prince Frederick. Reached the Hague, the seat of government of the Netherland king, and stopped at the Hotel Vieux Doelen. In the evening heard the opera "John of Paris," in French, — rather flat. Theatre very small. Well pleased with the city.

*Aug.* 17*th.* — Left for Rotterdam by canal-boat. At Delft, a beautiful little town, took luncheon. Here is a church, the tower of which leans over very much, and, from the large crevices in the walls, appears to be dangerous. Continued the

trip by canal-boat. Arrived at Rotterdam at 4 o'clock P.M., and took lodgings at the Hotel Pays Bas, the best in the city, and were very well accommodated. We immediately secured passages on the English steamer "Attwood," for London, four pounds sterling each.

*Aug.* 18*th*, 1832. — Saw the bronze statue of Erasmus, and the House of the Thousand Terrors, and the Exchange. Visited the new Dutch East India ship, of about seven hundred and fifty tons American measurement. She was finished in superb style. The cholera was raging here. Noticed many hearses passing.

*Aug.* 19*th*. — Rose at 4 A.M. Went on board the steamer, and left at half-past six, in the midst of a heavy shower. Had a view of Schiedam (celebrated for its gin-distilleries) and many other beautiful little towns on the banks of the Maese. At noon there came a heavy storm from the westward. Passengers all sick except we three supercargoes, and we were the only ones to appear at the supper-table out of forty passengers.

*Aug.* 20*th*. — Morning more moderate. At noon saw the land off Margate. Passengers came out, and at dinner all were at table. We were very shabbily served, — roast beef, roast lamb, and roast ducks ; but not half enough, and we rose half

famished. Enormous charges! Passed, in going up the Thames, many ships, among them the "Boston" of Boston. A very beautiful river is the Thames. Saw the dome of St. Paul's, and the steeples of other churches, Greenwich Observatory, and the Hospital. Passed many old war-ships. Enjoyed a boat-race, — the river literally covered with wherries, — and, on account of it, our boat obliged to stop several times. The prize-wherry was a beautifully gilded little boat. Saw the Tower of London, and finally landed at the Custom House wharf; was charged a shilling for landing by a wherryman; took a coach, and drove up through Fenchurch Street, Lombard Street, Poultry, Cheapside, to St. Paul's Churchyard, through Ludgate Hill and Street, Fleet Street, the Strand to Adams Street, Adelphi, and took lodgings at Mrs. Wright's. The streets were brilliantly illuminated with gas. The shop-windows made the greatest display possible, with gold and brass ornamentations.

*Aug. 21st.* — This morning hired a servant at seven shillings per day. Walked to the Custom House, cleared our baggage, and sent it to our quarters. Visited Stulz and other tailors, and ordered clothes; then to Baring Brothers & Co., bankers; and in the evening to the Haymarket

Theatre to see the "Hunchback" and "Second Thought." House about the same size as the old Boston Theatre. The acting was admirable. Miss Phillips, Mr. W. Farren, and Mr. Cooper, particularly, did themselves great credit.

*London, Aug. 22d.* — Went to Westminster Hall and to the House of Lords; red cloth seats; the three woolsacks covered with red, as indeed was every thing, the throne excepted, which was in crimson: and to the House of Commons; quite a small room, the seats, or benches, covered with green morocco cushions, and much crowded together; fee five shillings to the House of Lords, and four shillings to the House of Commons. Thence crossed over to Westminster Abbey, explored the entire building, and noted particularly Poets' Corner, and the colossal statue of G. Canning near the Abbey. Walked through St. James Park, Green Park, and all the adjacent streets. Afternoon went to the Tower, passed the monument by the way of Billingsgate, Eastcheap, and saw where the Boar's Head Tavern stood. At the Tower inspected the jewels of the crown, the wild animals, and every thing else usually exhibited to strangers. From the Tower, took a boat, and rowed down the river to the tunnel, which we entered. Walked home, a distance of three or

four miles. In the evening visited the Royal Olympic Theatre, or Opera House. Not good!

*Aug.* 23*d.* — Went to the parks, and saw a military parade. In the evening to the Royal Amphitheatre (Astley's); very magnificent, brilliantly lighted with gas, — a novelty. Saw some splendid riding and fine ponies.

*Aug.* 24*th.* — Went to St. Paul's Church, to the Royal Exchange, to the Bank of England, and the Post-Office; and at 1.30 P.M. saw King William the Fourth and Queen enter the city from Windsor, *en route* to St. James' Palace. Among the attendant suite, I noticed particularly the Duke of Wellington. William the Fourth appeared to me the image of James Carter, an iron-merchant of Boston, who had an office and store on India Wharf; and the Duke of Wellington strongly resembled Gen. Lyman of Boston. In the evening visited the celebrated Vauxhall Gardens. Extremely pleased. Saw a great variety of amusements, — rope-dancing, juggling, singing, and fire-works.

*Aug.* 25*th.* — Rode to the London and St. Catharine Docks. Passed Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres and British Museum. Took a coach to the Zoölogical Gardens, where was an immense collection of wild beasts, birds, etc.; very much entertained. Thence to the Colosseum, containing

a panoramic view of London as taken from St. Paul's dome. Most wonderful!

*Sunday, Aug. 26th.* — Noticed that the sabbath was observed quite as strictly as in Boston; no shops open. Walked to St. James' Park, where were troops out.

*Aug. 27th.* — Took leave of the Messrs. Baring, packed our trunks. Exceedingly loath to leave this wonderful city. Paid bills; though high, still reasonable considering the general enormous charges of living in the city, particularly at the West End. At 6.30 P.M. we left by coach for Liverpool. Rather gloomy weather, slight rain. A tithe-taker made up the fourth inside passenger.

*Aug. 28th.* — At 7.30 o'clock this morning, arrived at Birmingham; breakfasted. Were almost suffocated with the smoke of the innumerable engines at work. Passed through Bilston, where the cholera was making terrible ravages. Every thing closed there. Arrived at Liverpool at 7.30 P.M., and put up at the Waterloo Hotel. Learned that the cholera was raging also in Liverpool, and increasing alarmingly. Engaged passages, at thirty guineas each, on the ship "Britannia" (Sketchley, master) for New York.

*Aug. 29th.* — Went on board ship "Lexington," and saw Capt. Covell. In the evening to the

Liverpool Theatre; saw "Masaniello" and "Guy Mannering."

*Aug.* 30*th.* — This forenoon made a trip to Manchester, thirty-two miles distant; travelled at the rate of twenty-four miles per hour. At Manchester the threatening weather induced us to return to Liverpool after only one and a half hour's stay.

*Sept.* 1*st.* — Went on board the "Britannia;" found she was getting ready to start; returned to the hotel, packed up, paid our bills, and took leave. The ship left the dock, and took a steam-tug at 3 P.M.; the wind dead ahead. Dined at 8 o'clock, at 10 P.M. retired.

After a rather hard passage, arrived Oct. 8th at New York, — thirty-eight days.

## CHAPTER VI.

MY sixth voyage was per ship "Sachem," Capt. A. H. Brown, to Sumatra and back to Leghorn. My brother Silas went with us as clerk. We sailed from Boston, Dec. 31st, 1832. Arrived on the coast of Sumatra at Muckie, April 19th, 1833, and commenced loading at Qualah Assehan; pepper, $5.40 on board. I was taken ill, and confined on board ship almost the whole period of loading, my brother attending to the weighing and despatching of the cargo from the shore; finished loading at three ports, — viz., Qualah Rasseahn, Qualah Assehan, and at Analaboo, — and cargo consisted of 11,379 bags = 5,621$\frac{83}{100}$ piculs pepper, costing $30,690.66.

We sailed from Sumatra, June 24th; my brother coming on board quite ill of a fever. He died July 4th, 1833, aged 24.

The "Sachem" arrived at Leghorn, Sunday, Oct. 20th, in a very heavy storm. Seeing in the roads at anchor the brig "Malay," apparently just arrived, I hastened on shore, notwithstanding the

storm, in our surf-boat. When half way, we met the Government boat, which came out to tell us of the risk, and to order us back: but I knew what our boat could stand; and, being acquainted with the shoal, I proceeded, and reached the lazaretto safely. I immediately wrote a note to Mr. de Yongh, announcing our arrival, and, if the "Malay's" cargo was unsold, to sell ours forthwith, and not to lose any time about it.

My note reached his hands while at dinner, after dark; and, being a very able man, he instantly started forth to the theatre, where he knew he should meet the merchandise brokers. He met them, and, in the course of a few minutes, sold our cargo at a very profitable price, and announced to me the sale the next morning.

My home while in Leghorn was always at Mr. de Yongh's house, having been invited there on my first voyage; and he always insisted upon my coming there whenever I was in port, — a delightful home, where I had the opportunity of seeing many of the notable people of Italy, he entertaining them at his table. The society was very agreeable; many families having an evening at home weekly, where friends dropped in for conversation, music, dancing, and cards. As many of these receptions were held the same evening, we

would visit at several houses, and linger where most agreeable.

Mr. John Grant, whose wife was a very fine soprano singer, and who could rank with such artists as Malibran and Bosio (the latter she resembled in person, voice, and style), usually had at his receptions delightful music, distinguished professionals often assisting Mrs. Grant; and I, being fond of music, always enjoyed them much.

On one occasion Mr. Grant gave a dinner to the Governor of Leghorn, to which I was invited. There were about sixty at the table. His *salon* was illuminated by an immense number of wax candles. Among the guests was a distinguished lawyer and celebrated *improvisatore*, who discoursed in poetry, in beautiful Italian, it was said, complimenting the governor, who rose and bowed to the orator several times. It was a brilliant affair.

Mr. Isaac Grant, elder brother of John, gradually became blind. I used to call on him almost daily, and take him to walk about the city. These walks he very much enjoyed. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Sir Walter Scott. He was a very intelligent and agreeable man.

One of the pleasant families of Leghorn with whom I was intimate was the Sartori family.

They had been residing in Philadelphia, where Mr. Sartori represented the Roman States as consul, and had lately come back to Italy, with four charming daughters and three sons. I passed many agreeable hours with them, always to be remembered. The younger married Count Augostini of Tuscany. Another married a Swiss gentleman. An elder daughter married Mr. Peter Hargous of New York. One son was a lieutenant in the United-States Navy. A brother of the father of this family was formerly an eminent Roman banker.

*Leghorn, Nov. 4th.* — I now left the "Sachem," and went on a trip of pleasure and information, taking passage on board steamer "Henry IV." for Naples, the worst boat with the worst attendance I ever experienced. The boat being crowded with passengers, I could have no allotted berth; so I walked the deck till near midnight, when I made an appeal to the captain for a place to sleep. He called the steward, who said the berth of the man sent on shore at Leghorn was vacant. I instantly replied, "Give me that," and followed the steward to the cabin, and saw the berth. I took possession at once.

We touched at Civita Vecchia to land passengers.

*Nov. 6th.* — The morning cold, but pleasant.

Had a magnificent view of Naples as we rounded the Cape into the bay, — with the Castle of St. Elmo crowning the summit. Mount Vesuvius smoked but little. After some detention, landed with baggage at the Office of Customs, where it was very thoroughly overhauled. Thence I took a coach for the Grand Britannia, the first hotel in Naples. Agreed to pay fifteen carlini per day for my room. I engaged a *valet de place,* and rambled forth through the celebrated Strada Toledo. Visited the Church of San Severo; curious statuary to be seen there. Rode out to the northward about seven or eight miles. Saw the review-ground. Had a fine view of Vesuvius and the country in the vicinity of Naples, Portici, Regina, etc. I met, during this ride, his Majesty King Ferdinand II., quite an ordinary-looking man, — short and fat, — with a little leathern cap on his head. A stately-looking fellow with him, also a general of the army. All these personages were extremely polite. The king doffed his cap. I happened to be in a fine new barouche. Called on the American consul: he offered his services.

*Naples, Nov. 7th.* — Received a letter from Mr. de Yongh, Leghorn, inquiring about *Mr. Willis of Boston,* a person who was removed from the steamer "Henry IV.," at Leghorn, in a dying con-

dition. He died that same night of *small-pox!* I experienced a little tremor when I read this letter, as I had been given his berth.

Rode out to Portici, saw the palace (magnificent), passed through Regina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunciata, etc., and visited Herculaneum, and the theatre underground. This city, being near the foot of the mountain, was overwhelmed by the liquid lava, which penetrated and filled every cavity, and the whole city became a mass of rock. A passage has been drilled down into the underground theatre, and a few narrow passages only have been made in the building to ascertain its dimensions. On the outskirts of the town, which was near the water of the Bay of Naples, a small street has been cleared, where the lava was mixed with ashes; but the difficulty of the work, and the great expense attending it, will probably prevent any extensive researches being made into Herculaneum; besides, another city has been built directly over it, and any considerable excavations would endanger the inhabitants above. Herculaneum can be visited, and all its uncovered portions seen and examined in half an hour's time.

Drove on to Pompeii and up the Avenue of Tombs, which are from ten to fifteen feet in

height, and about twenty apart from each other. The pavements of the street are large, irregular-shaped stones, fitted together as best could be done; and in the middle are seen deep ruts worn by the wheels of chariots, and still showing the stains of rust from the tires. These ruts are about three feet apart, from which we judge the carriages to have been of a diminutive size. The avenue leads to the gate of the city, and immediately we find ourselves on the highest ground of Pompeii; and all beyond slopes away gradually to the south, through streets, alleys, courts, and lanes, — all silent as the city of the dead; not a sound heard but the echoing tramp, tramp, as we pass along. Even our own voices startle us.

Little more than the roofs, doors, and windows are wanting to make the buildings as perfect as ever; for it must be remembered, that all the wooden and other combustible materials were consumed by the fire. The heat cracked and broke to pieces all the marble edifices, leaving only the brick-work perfect: but a very large portion of the city is of the last-named material, the marble being chiefly used about the Forum; and here the colonnades of beautiful fluted marble bespeak the magnificence of the public buildings, and the high state of perfection to which art had been carried.

The occupations of the residents in the different houses are ascertained by the various implements found therein. The bakers were in the habit of grinding their own corn, as would appear from each establishment being provided with a mill for that purpose.

The dwellings are beautifully ornamented with fresco-paintings, some of which, although finely executed, are so vulgar and obscene as to require a veil to hide them from every eye; and they are covered by wooden shutters, and kept under lock. The Custode, however, will exhibit them when requested by visitors. Most of the floors are paved in mosaic, and are very beautiful, representing battle-pieces, and exquisite arabesques. Many of the houses have been re-roofed, in order to preserve these paintings and mosaics. Some of the former, whenever it could be done without injury, were removed to the Borbonicon Museum, and set up there, where are collected also all the movables found in Pompeii. In the Forum, amid broken pillars and elaborately carved cornices, massive iron bars and chains denote the prison. When cleared, there were found several skeletons in chains. Beyond the Forum is an amphitheatre almost perfect, after the fashion of the Colosseum at Rome, and capable of seating many

thousand people. Here the visitor usually selects a lofty seat, unpacks his refreshment basket, and, while partaking, gazes upon the smoking Vesuvius, which towers far above him. Upon the uncovered part of Pompeii is a luxuriant vineyard, which produces the delectable wine called Lachrymæ Christi: this wine is of a quality so delicate that it cannot bear transportation, and can nowhere be obtained in such perfection as here. The Custodes always have a supply for travellers visiting Pompeii. The Temple of Isis, in which were conducted many religious rites, particularly those pertaining to marriages, is in a very perfect state. The oracle is stationed with its back to the wall. In an adjoining room may be seen the secret passage which leads to the head and to the mouth, whereby its votaries were deceived. The sculptures which were found in this temple give a representation of the scenes enacted on occasions: they have been removed to the Borbonicon Museum, and deposited in the secret gallery. An inspection of the objects contained in said gallery, would convince almost any one that the time had arrived for an Ambassador from heaven to be near the earth. Most of the dwellings in Pompeii are of one story in height, with a yard, or court, in the centre. The streets

at the present time are kept perfectly clean. Notwithstanding the antiquity of Pompeii, there are to be seen specimens of still more ancient paintings set in the walls of some of the houses, which doubtless were considered as antiquities of great curiosity eighteen hundred years ago.

Returned to Naples, and in the evening visited San Carlo: the performances were indifferent; "Sonnambula," and a ballet, "Bianca di Massina;" seventy to eighty musicians in the orchestra. The expense of living in Naples is far greater than in any other place, and the impositions of the people are incredible: beggars have no mercy, and will follow a coach for many miles unless something is given them.

*Nov. 8th.* — This morning started at 7.30 A.M. for Mount Vesuvius. Drove to Regina in a coach, where we left it, and took saddle-horses, with the younger Salvatore as guide, and was much pleased with his attentions. Stopped at the Hermitage, and lunched; then to the crater; at the foot we left our horses, and continued our way on foot; found it a difficult task. On arriving at the summit, one is fully compensated for his trouble, for no description can picture the view therefrom. I entered the crater, descending but a short distance: my guide informed me that I could go

quite to the bottom at the present time, if I could endure the smell of sulphur. He urged me to go, but I did not like the idea of returning: it is very steep, and the ashes very deep. I was quite satisfied with the view from the top. I came down the mountain in a very short time. Had some fish and other things at Salvatore's, and rode to Naples: on the way, stopped at a manufactory of macaroni, to examine the process; it is made by forcing the dough (which is of ordinary wheat, coarsely ground) through a copper mould, broken off in proper lengths, and dried. I rode to the hotel, and, it being stormy, spent the evening at home.

*Nov. 9th*, 1833. — This morning stormy weather. Visited the Museum Borbonico, — or Studii Publicii, — wherein are collected all the objects yet discovered in Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabæ, etc., and an innumerable host of other curiosities. I remained there six hours and more, and passed through all the rooms, — one excepted: the keeper of this was absent.

I was quite delighted and amazed at the wondrous exhibition; thence I rode to St. Elmo; went into St. Martin's Church, rich beyond description. From this eminence had a magnificent view of Naples almost directly under us. Returned to the

hotel, dined, and went to bed at nine, — three hours earlier than usual.

*Nov.* 10*th.* — This morning rather fair; drove to Caserta; took a roundabout turn, in order to see the Aqueduct — a huge piece of work.

At Caserta, went to the palace, built at the command of Charles III., by Vanvitelli, and deemed, in point of size and architecture, the most splendid royal residence in existence; certainly it surpasses, by far, any palace I ever beheld: and the gardens adjoining are immense. The Boschetta is very delightful: the fish-ponds are large, and full of fish. Had a view of the ancient town. After dining at an eating-house, where they charged two dollars for two half-dinners (very extortionate are these people), we arrived at our hotel at eight o'clock. The roads are very dangerous to travel over near Naples, particularly in the night. Horsemen are stationed at intervals along the roads to protect travellers. I saw but three or four. The distance from Caserta sixteen miles. Many robberies are committed on these roads. In the evening went to the Theatre del Fondo, — a beautiful one.

*Nov.* 11*th.* — This morning was very pleasant. I strolled about town, visited many of the principal churches; noticed particularly the chapel of

San Gennaro in the cathedral. Saw all the silver busts and statues. Went on board the steamboat, and engaged a passage for Leghorn. Called on Rogers & Co., bankers, then went to the Botanical Garden. Highly pleased. Called on the consul, then returned to the hotel; had a supper, and retired.

*Nov. 12th.* — This morning delightful weather. Started at half-past seven o'clock for Baiæ. Saw Virgil's tomb; passed through the celebrated Grotto of Posilippo (very extraordinary), about one mile long, and eighty-nine feet high. It is always kept lighted, as the high-road is through it. Passed the Island Nisida, and arrived at Pozzuoli; mounted donkeys, visited the amphitheatre, also the Laberinto di Dedalo, etc. Took a boat to the Solfatara, or part way, and our donkeys carried us the rest of the way. Saw the making of sal-ammoniac, vitriol, alum, sulphur, etc. Visited the Grotto of the Sibyls, Temple of Jupiter Serapis, Lucerne Lake, Lake Avernus, the Tartarus of Virgil, a temple dedicated to Pluto; Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, which led from Virgil's Tartarus to the Cocytus Acheron, River Styx, Elysium Fields, etc.; Nero's villa, to visit the vapor-baths (very hot; ate an egg boiled in the water a few minutes); Temple of Venus Genitrix,

Temple of Mercury and Diana Baiana, Villa of Lucullus, Piscina Misabile. Had a fine view of the Cape Misenum, Stygian Lake, Elysium Fields, over which we walked. Visited the one hundred chambers, — dismal prisons ; the Sepolcre of Agrippina, so-called; took coach home to Naples. I have seen so many objects of deep interest to-day, that I am quite confounded. Observed that Vesuvius sent forth a vast deal of smoke. An eruption is expected. Hope it will take place before I leave.

Dined at five o'clock. In the evening visited the Theatre Fenice, — much pleased.

*Nov.* 13*th.* — Sat an hour and a half to a sculptor for my profile on shell. Went to the Museum Borbonico, and saw the "private cabinet." It was very curious and quite astonishing. Walked through some of the galleries of paintings. I called on Signor Persico, and examined his statues of War and Peace intended for the Capitol at Washington. Admired them very much, as also the politeness of Signor Persico himself.

Paid my passage for steamer "Ferdinand I.," for Leghorn. Lunched at the Traittore di Milan. Walked about the city, and visited Hotel Crocelle, and returned home.

*Nov.* 14*th.* — Sat an hour and a half to the sculptor. Walked several miles over the Strada Nuova ;

called on Rogers & Co., where I dined. Afterwards went to the Theatre San Carlo, brilliantly illuminated in honor of the Queen's birthday. The performances were Rossini's opera "Otello," and a magnificent ballet called "Bluebeard." The celebrated Madam Malibran sang the part of Desdemona. She sang and acted to perfection. The royal family were present, and all the gentry of Naples. Such a brilliant entertainment, I never before attended.

*Nov.* 15*th.* — Stormy. Called on Rogers & Co., bankers, and settled accounts. Rode to the steamboat, and embarked for Leghorn. Left the quay at 12.30 P.M. I was the only passenger of the first class on board. Dined at five o'clock.

After a month's sojourn at Leghorn, I left per steamer "Francesco Primo," for Genoa and Marseilles, Dec. 14th, with Mr. Robinson, M.P., a very genial gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted at Leghorn. We stopped a day or two at Genoa, where I left my friend. At Marseilles I was requested by Mr. ——, connected with a mercantile house in Genoa and Leghorn, to escort to Paris a lady who had in some way been a companion of the noted Duchesse de Berri in her wanderings and adventures in France. I accepted the charge. At midnight, at the depot of the *malle-*

*poste,* the gentleman appeared with the lady in question, to whom I was introduced. I said I should be very happy to escort her to Paris. We started. I found her very agreeable, speaking the English language perfectly; but she in no way alluded to her connection with the Duchesse de Berri. At the first place necessary to produce passports, I became aware that she was without one: however, she managed it so adroitly she was allowed to pass on. This same thing happened at each important stopping-place, keeping me in a somewhat nervous state until we reached Lyons. At the hotel where we dined, she met an acquaintance, then took leave of me, and joined him on another route, thanking me for my attention. I was much relieved, and reached Paris without any difficulty. I engaged rooms at Meurice's Hotel, where I remained nine days. Among the various places, I visited the Theatre Français, and saw the celebrated Mlle. Mars, in the piece where the two princes are imprisoned and murdered in the Tower. I do not recollect the name of the play.

*Jan. 1st,* 1834. — Left Paris for Havre, and put up at Hotel Grande Amiraute, and engaged a passage per ship "Havre," Capt. Stoddard, for New York; paid a hundred and fifty dollars for it: arrived at New York, Feb. 24th.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE spring, summer, and autumn of 1834 I spent in travelling over my own country, visiting Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, and other parts of Canada.

In November I arranged for my seventh voyage, per bark "Brighton," Capt. Gorham P. Low, for Sumatra and Leghorn, having in charge, also, ship "Robin Hood," Capt. Joseph Nickerson, Joseph Murdoch, supercargo; and ship "New England," Capt. Woodbury, Richard Lovett, clerk. The "Brighton" sailed from Boston, Nov. 16th, with Mr. John T. Morse as clerk, and Mr. Robert Roberts as passenger. A very smooth and pleasant passage.

On the morning of the 3d of February, 1835, after sailing upon the bosom of the mighty ocean for eighty days, and reaching the longitude of about 77° east, and latitude of about 38° south, we descried the Island of St. Paul, and hailed it with the greatest delight; for, after so long a period

with only the blue water and the blue sky to be seen, sailors alone can tell how welcome is the sight of *terra firma* upon which to rest the wearied eye.

The morning was beautiful and clear, and the ship was wafted onward by a gentle breeze from the westward. In New England, at this season of the year, dread winter reigns triumphant; cold and chilly blasts pierce into every abode; and the shrivelled populace may be seen tottering along upon the ice, jetting forth a dense vapor at every breath. Not so in the Southern Hemisphere: there it is midsummer, and the mild and softened atmosphere envelops the form in its sweet and ravishing embrace. It was in this delightful temperature that the ship approached the island. The day was so particularly fine, that it was determined to land; and immediately all was excitement on board, and all were eager to be of the party. Fire-arms, ammunition, fishing-tackle, and refreshments were got in readiness, and the boat cleared for the launch. Meanwhile the island, which at first was like a deep blue cloud in the horizon, had become a beautiful green lawn, with a high, round hill at the southern extremity. As the vessel passed round this hill at a short distance, and opened to view the eastern shore, a large, sugar-loaf shaped

rock presented itself immediately at the base of the hill, like a tall lighthouse. There was also in the hillside a gap, or opening, into an immense basin of water, the whole scene making a very imposing appearance. It was eleven o'clock when the ship was hove to, about a fourth of a mile distant from the shore.

The boat was soon launched, and the passengers and allotted crew were in their places. The signal of "All ready" was given: the hardy sailors plied their oars, and the boat shot like an arrow towards this mysterious land. No one, perhaps, save him who has had the experience, can conceive the pleasure and thrilling sensation imparted at a time like this, heightened in this case, no doubt, by the tedium of a long sea-voyage, and the entire absence of land during the whole period from the visual organ.

As the boat drew near the opening, it seemed like the entrance to some mighty giant's castle; and the huge column of rock, eighty to ninety feet high, stood, like the giant's grenadier, watching at the portal.

Passing this sentinel on the right, the boat glided through the narrow passage into a prodigious circular hall, as it seemed, the walls of which rose almost perpendicularly from the surface of

the water some seven hundred feet; or it might have been imagined a tremendous caldron, — as it was, — the crater of an extinct volcano. The breach in the wall, which formed the inlet, was effected by the washing of the ocean.

The wind, as it swept over the ridge of the crater, caused a roar like rolling thunder, swelling and dying away. At times the party was startled by the terrific noise of this natural organ. It would break forth as though a fierce ebullition of all the elements was taking place below, which inspired the idea that a new eruption was about to take place. The idea was strengthened, too, by the smoke and steam issuing from many places in the sides of the crater.

After a while the party began to acquire boldness, and to feel a little at home. Some landed to explore the island, others remained in the boat to take fish.

Upon stepping ashore, the heat from the stones and gravel was very sensibly felt by the feet. Steam issued from every crevice higher up beyond the wash of the sea: the soil was soft and spongy, and covered with very long, coarse grass and reeds.

Not a vestige of the island's having ever been occupied could be discovered. A cod-hook with a

small piece of line attached, was picked up at the water's edge, which was the only sign of any previous visitation.

There were no trees, shrubs, nor bushes of any sort; neither were there any living animals to be seen, excepting sea-fowl; but these made up for the lack of all others, as they were very numerous, and so fearless as to come within reach of one's staff.

The island extends some two miles north and south, and less than half this distance from east to west. From the base of the hill on the south, to the northern point, the land runs of an even height, and presents no feature of particular interest: the interest is wholly centred in that extraordinary crater, which ages ago must have sent forth its burning lava in solitary grandeur, unseen, unheard, and unknown, but to the inhabitants of the deep.

The fishermen in the boat were very successful, catching a quantity of bream and red perch, large schools of which flocked about the boat, and were taken without any difficulty. From the proximity of the hot springs to the water's edge, it could easily be seen that the fish, while dangling at the hook, could be dropped in and boiled fit for eating; but these fishermen were too

intent upon laying in a goodly store for the ship's use to waste time in trying the experiment.

The Dutch navigator Vlaming discovered this island in 1679, and gave it the name of St. Paul. It is situated in latitude 38° 42′ south, and longitude 77° 25′ east.

At the time of the discovery, the sea had not entirely accomplished its task of opening a passage into the crater: the indications of subterranean fire, and the presence of numerous hot springs, were the same as now.

Barrow, on his embassy to China in 1793, landed at this island, and found a passage sufficiently large for a boat to row through. Subsequent explorers, who have been particular in their observations, make the circumference of the crater at the water's edge to be one mile and three-quarters, and, at the top of the ridge, two miles and a fraction over. The depth of the water in the centre is a hundred and eighty feet. The thermometer, on being plunged into some of the hot springs, ranged from 190° to 212°. Large fish of the cod species can be taken in abundance a short distance from the shore.

After about three hours spent in this interesting land, a signal at the ship, recalling the boat, was made. Reluctantly the scattered party assembled

to embark; and, as the boat receded from the stranger land, all eyes were fixed upon that natural amphitheatre, which threw into such utter insignificance the wonder of the world, that of Vespasian in Rome.

Thus passed three brief hours, equal to as many years in the indelible impressions made. We continued our voyage after the pleasurable relaxation of the visit to the uninhabited Island of St. Paul, and arrived at Sumatra, March 3d.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER cruising on the coast for about two months and a half, we left Qualah Assehan, Sumatra, May 18th, for Batavia, Java, where we arrived June 20th. Finding no encouragement at Batavia, we proceeded to Manila, and arrived there July 2d, anchoring in the night in the roads with five other vessels. At daybreak a provision-boat came alongside the ship, pulled by a woman. I bargained with her to take me ashore; and I called upon Peele, Hubbell, & Co., distinguished merchants of that place. Before breakfast I purchased a cargo of sugar of them for the "Brighton." By night sugar largely advanced in price: in short, another cargo could not be obtained. I had secured the only one in the market. Loaded at Cavita, and sailed Aug. 15th for Leghorn.

*Sept. 23d,* 1835. — My twenty-ninth birthday. We touched at Anjer, Java, where we procured green turtle in any quantity at a cost of a dollar each, fowls at fifty cents per dozen, pomeloes, plantains, etc., at very low prices. Continued our

voyage, and arrived safely at Leghorn, Jan. 17th, 1836.

Our cargo of sugar was sold at fair prices, and the "Brighton" was chartered for New York for thirty-seven hundred dollars. Then, with a mercantile friend, Mr. Frederick Barker, started on a trip to Venice and Trieste, touching a short time at Florence. At Bologna we spent two days; called with Mr. Barker on Mme. Palavicini, a beautiful woman, and a Genoese, speaking English perfectly. We thoroughly explored Bologna: the quaint streets with their covered walks, the beautiful cemetery, and the leaning towers, all attracted our particular attention.

After leaving Bologna, on the way to Ferrara, while travelling at dusk, the road became unusually rough; and the postilion at last confessed that he had lost his way in trying to make a short cut across the country: and we became ingulfed in mud up to the hubs of the wheels, and the horses could no longer move the vehicle. The postilion then unharnessed one of the horses, mounted, and rode off for assistance, saying he should have to get a yoke of cattle to extricate us.

After some hours, he not appearing, Mr. Barker became alarmed, and we alighted to explore a little; but, finding the mud knee-deep, we retreated

to the carriage again. Mr. Barker called out at the top of his lungs, "*Ajuto! ajuto! Buono gente, ajuto!*" No one responded. After another hour's delay, the poor devil of a postilion re-appeared with a yoke of cattle, which he harnessed together with the horses, and drew us forth, and took us to a monastery not very far distant, where the monks very kindly accommodated us over night, furnishing us with a good supper, beds, and a fire to dry our clothes.

In the morning, after partaking of coffee, bread and butter, we left, tendering compensation to the gracious monks. They hesitating, we left on the table what we considered a good satisfaction for the service rendered, and took up our route. At Ferrara, found the city about the most wretched one in the Roman States, — poverty-stricken!

*Feb.* 11*th.* — Stopped a few days at Padua, which is a very beautiful place, particularly the Grand Square. Reached Venice, which city we explored. It being carnival-time, we saw the usual sports in perfection. Went to the Malibran Theatre, Fenice Theatre, Apollo Theatre, and to the masquerade with Mr. Charles Tappan. We arrived at midnight, and left at dawn, having partaken of a splendid supper. Passed a week very enjoyably at Venice.

Took passage per steamer to Trieste, and quartered at the Grande Hotel. Trieste is a very busy and an agreeable city. Met Mr. Moore of George Moore & Co., the United-States consul, a genial gentleman. He resided in a beautiful house on the summit of a hill in the city, very difficult of ascent; but the consul walked up this hill several times a day, deeming it beneficial for the asthma, which afflicted him. Mr. Moore had a beautiful niece, Miss Ellen Darden, who lived with him. All the young men of Trieste were infatuated with her. They built a boat of twelve oars, of great magnificence, and named her "Dardenelle," in her honor. I had the gratification of escorting her to dinner one day, on some occasion at Mr. Moore's house, exciting the envy of several young fellows present.

Here I witnessed the last of the carnival, and took leave of Mr. Barker and of Mr. Moore and other friends, and joined Mr. Routh of London, who was on his way home *via* Leghorn. We engaged a carriage for Milan, taking post-horses on the way.

At Milan we rested a while on account of the engagement of the distinguished artist Malibran at the La Scala, where she was exciting immense enthusiasm. I was quite ill, and kept my bed

during the day, but spent the evenings at the opera, listening to the Malibran. These were the last of her dulcet notes ; as soon after she died, there in Milan, — 1836.

On leaving Milan for Genoa, at 4 P.M., a snow-storm set in. We were in a new carriage, intrusted to our care to deliver to a purchaser in Genoa. Two horses were harnessed to the vehicle ; at the next *poste* we added two more, making four : the snow increased rapidly. By nine o'clock we were obliged to stop, as we could proceed no farther.

We saw, apparently at no great distance, a light from a house ; and, as it was impossible to move the carriage, we unharnessed the horses. Routh and I mounted two of them, the postilion took the third, and our baggage was strapped on the back of the fourth. Thus we wended our way toward the light, forcing ourselves through the snow, sometimes reaching to our shoulders. The horses seemed to know the condition of the case, and plunged on nobly through the drifts. Our progress was very slow.

At nine o'clock next day we reached the house, which, the evening before, seemed less than half a mile distant. We rested for a day at this house, taking up our quarters in an adjoining shed. The

whole country turned out *en masse* to clear the roads; and the next morning we continued our journey with our horses, as far as Novi, where we stopped several days. The snow filled the streets, in some of them, to the roofs of the houses. The walks and crossings were tunnelled through the snow.

Some years before, at Montreal, Canada, I was attacked with the cholera, where it was raging violently. My friends took me away, and carried me in all haste to Burlington, Vt. There a physician was called, who prescribed a recipe for medicine, which proved very beneficial. Now here in Novi, being sick, I had a longing for some of that Vermont medicine. I sent a *valet* with my tattered recipe to a drug-store: after a while he returned with the medicine, done up precisely the same as that purchased in Burlington, and in all respects it was the same. This to me was marvellous, considering the wide differences in the countries. So much for prescriptions in Latin! At the end of five days we took horses for Genoa, and rode the whole distance, leaving our carriage buried in the snow.

This storm was the worst for many years in that vicinity. Many lives were lost, and there was great destruction of merchandise and vehicles.

After a couple of days at Genoa, we embarked per steamer "Columbo" for Leghorn, and arrived safely, and found all well.

Left Leghorn per bark "Brighton," April 1st, and arrived at New York, May 20th, 1836.

## CHAPTER IX.

I REMAINED in the United States some four months, visiting Saratoga Springs, Ballston, and Lebanon Springs, New-York City, and other places, until October, when I made arrangements to embark for London per ship "Quebec," Capt. Hebard, for the purpose of collecting Spanish pillared silver dollars for three Sumatra voyages.

The "Quebec" (a new ship) sailed the 11th October, with a full complement of passengers. Among them may be named, Gen. Lewis Cass, minister plenipotentiary to France, wife, son, and daughters (two); Mr. James Hamilton, wife, son (Alexander), and two daughters; Mrs. David Sears, four daughters and two sons (David and Frederick); Mr. Horatio Greenough and Miss Greenough; Dr. E. S. Gannett; *attachés* of Gen. Cass; Mr. Anderson, secretary; Messrs. Ledyard, Clarke, and Whitney; Thomas H. Barker, consul at Antwerp; and many others whose names I do not now recall.

Some of the passengers landed at Portsmouth

(I among the number), for the purpose of going on to London by coach. Dr. Gannett, having letters to the Unitarian minister at Portsmouth, desired to call upon him that evening, and invited me to accompany him. Upon being ushered into the parlor, we announced ourselves as just arrived from Boston. The clergyman seemed rather cold and uninterested, when Dr. Gannett remarked it was very pleasant to be on shore again. "What!" said the clergyman, "where did you say you came from? from Boston?" — "Boston, America. I am Dr. Gannett of that city." — "Do I see the Reverend Ezra Stiles Gannett of Boston? I am heartily glad to see you!" he cried, and, seizing Dr. Gannett's hand, shook it violently, and, rushing to the door, cried out, "Mary, come down! here is Dr. Gannett from America. — Bridget, bring up a bottle of port." And the wife came down, and Bridget brought up the port, and a little daughter of about eight or ten years was called to see Dr. Gannett. The clergyman apologized for receiving us so coldly, telling us that he had received a letter that morning, notifying him, two gentlemen from Boston would call on him in behalf of the Unitarian church at that place. Already burdened with demands of charity, and thinking we were the two gentlemen, naturally led him

to be rather cool. "And now, Dr. Gannett, you must stay over Sunday, and preach for us." — "Impossible," he replied. "I have promised my society not to preach anywhere. I am an invalid, and am travelling for my health." The clergyman, then seizing me by the hand, said, "Then, my dear sir, certainly you will preach for us?" — "No," I replied: "I am sorry to say that preaching is not in my line."

After a very pleasant evening, during which church matters were discussed, we retired. We left Portsmouth, and reached London, and took quarters at No. 7 Adams Street, Adelphi, Nov. 10th, 1836. We, however, remained at Portsmouth long enough to visit the great naval establishment of England, which we pretty thoroughly inspected, going on board the ship "Victory," where Admiral Nelson fell ( a brass plate on the deck marks the spot).

In London my inquiries about specie soon satisfied me that Spanish pillared dollars could not be gathered there in any quantity in seasonable time; so I gave up the specie business, but concluded to linger a while. I went about much with Dr. Gannett.

Dr. Wainwright was in England at this time, commissioned to obtain an organ for Trinity

Church of Boston. He called one day on Dr. Gannett, and invited him to a little festival to take place that evening, given by the workmen who had built this organ. At the appointed hour Dr. Wainwright called, and the two clergymen went off together where they expected to be regaled with choice old church-music.

About an hour after, Dr. Gannett returned quite crestfallen. He said he had "never been among such a set before. They were sitting round a table, drinking, and singing bacchanalian songs, while a number were already inebriated. We came away as quickly as possible, heartily disgusted."

Another time Dr. Gannett wanted to see one of the English gin-palaces he had heard so much about in America. I took him to one, and called for a glass of ale. "But I want to see one of the grander ones," he said. Going into another a short distance away, I told him there was nothing more showy than these. There were some half-dozen immense butts with polished brass hoops, the woodwork of polished oak, and the trimmings about the counter of polished brass, — nothing more. He was disappointed. They did not come up to his conception of a gin-palace.

As I had no occasion to remain longer in Lon-

don, I concluded to take passage to Rotterdam, as quite a number of our passengers of the "Quebec" intended taking that route on their way to Paris. Dr. Gannett, at the suggestion of Dr. Boott, removed from our house in order to be near him (Dr. Boott); but he visited us every day. I mentioned to him that I should leave the next morning by the Rotterdam steamer for Rotterdam. "Then," said he, "I shall go also." I expostulated a little with him, saying I did not see how he could get ready in time, — passport to be obtained, berth to secure, and to settle up with banker, hotel, etc. He went away, saying he should go if possible. Next morning I embarked at 4.30 A.M. from the Tower-landing. A few minutes after I had reached the steamer, I saw Dr. Gannett in a little wherry coming alongside. I never was more surprised, for I did not think it possible for him to accomplish such a task.

On arrival at Rotterdam, we learned that we could not proceed across the lines into Belgium without a special permit, which could only be obtained at Amsterdam. Dr. Gannett, never having been in Amsterdam, volunteered to go there, and obtain the necessary permit, which work he successfully accomplished, and, after three days' absence, returned with flying colors.

We then took up our course for Antwerp, where we examined the citadel, and saw the great devastation made by the enemy, — shells of immense size having penetrated many feet into the chasms, of safety as supposed, but how ineffectual as proved.

While in Antwerp, visited many places I had before known well. We continued our journey to Brussels, where we attended a public concert, and there saw King Leopold and two nephews, one of them the future prince consort of England. Visited the field of Waterloo and the palace of the Prince of Orange. Left for Paris. Took a room at Meurice's Hotel, where I remained about a week. Met Dr. Gannett often. One day at the *table-d'hôte*, there were present two people of great literary note; viz., Thomas Moore the poet, and James Fenimore Cooper the novelist. It was pleasant to see them. I took leave here of Dr. Gannett, who disliked to have me leave him in Paris alone; but he was expecting his wife. I left for Marseilles *via* Lyons. At Avignon, stopped for dinner; met at the table two Boston gentlemen, — Mr. Chapman (a brother of Jonathan Chapman, mayor of Boston) and Mr. Tuckerman. We were together for many weeks.

At Marseilles we found Mr. James Lodge of

Boston, then connected with a mercantile house in Marseilles. One evening he accompanied us to the theatre, where we saw the celebrated Mlle. George, then eighty-two years of age. We were introduced to her. She was representing a girl of eighteen! and looked the part. Mdlles. George and Mars were favorites of Napoleon Bonaparte in the days of his glory.

Took passage at Marseilles for Leghorn, to touch at Genoa. Arrived at Leghorn, Dec. 31st, 1836. Enjoyed six weeks here, during which time the United-States frigate "Constitution," Commodore Elliot, came into port one morning, with Gen. Cass and family and suite on board as passengers for a tour of the Mediterranean. I met them in the street on their way to the palace of the governor of Leghorn, Marquis Picoluomini. After a little complimentary conversation, they passed on to the governor's. While here, the "Constitution" attracted great attention, receiving much company. After remaining in port several days, she proceeded on her trip.

I now embarked per steamer "Pharamond" for Rome, landing at Civita Vecchia in company with Mr. William Peel Croughton, nephew of Sir Robert Peel. We stopped a few days at Baldi's Hotel, then took apartments in Piazza de Spagna. We

made it a business to thoroughly explore Rome and its environs. These were the holidays of the Catholic Church, when very imposing ceremonies were observed.

The city was never so filled with strangers. Mr. Croughton's company brought us invitations to every great entertainment, and tickets of admission almost everywhere. On the grand display of fireworks at the Castle St. Angelo, Torlonia (banker) invited us to a festival at his house: it was on the bank of the Tiber, affording a splendid view of the castle. My fellow-traveller was a remarkably particular young man, who thought a great deal of his appearance. We had accepted the invitation to Torlonia's, and on the evening our clothes were laid out for the occasion. We had been on our usual afternoon ride, and, returning a little late, hurried at the last; and, as we hastened down-stairs to the coach awaiting us, a gun was fired, announcing the commencement of the fireworks.

We speedily arrived, and entered the palace, and were presented to the duchess. After wandering about, and gazing at the fireworks for some time, my friend and companion suddenly discovered, that, in his haste, he had donned his flashy cut-away jockey-coat, instead of his party-coat: his conster-

nation overcame him completely; and he made a rush for the door, throwing the Cinderella parallel case wholly into the shade. It was many days before he recovered from the effects of this mishap.

When on the occasion of the Pope's washing the feet of the pilgrims at St. Peter's, while troops lined the nave of that immense structure, keeping outside people not in full dress, whom should I see but Dr. Gannett walking hastily between the lines towards me! After a cordial greeting, he informed me that his wife had arrived, and was then in the church, in the seats prepared for ladies on the other side. I accompanied him to her, and congratulated her on her arrival; and we made engagements for many little excursions together. After the ceremony of washing the feet, the Pope, in another apartment, waits on the table, which is previously prepared, helping pilgrims to soup, fish, and wine. On this occasion his Holiness was distributing wine, going round to each one, when he came to a pilgrim, — a temperance man, no doubt, — who clapped his hand over his glass, as if to say, "No, your Holiness, I don't drink spirits." His Holiness (Gregory XVI.) shook his sides with suppressed laughter, and the whole audience tittered audibly. After this his Holiness officiated

at grand mass in the Sistine Chapel, where there was a great rush. Some seats on a dais were reserved for distinguished personages. Upon presenting our tickets, we were ushered to these conspicuous seats, and found ourselves in a line with Don Miguel, the Portuguese pretender, and a grand duke of Russia. Here we witnessed the ceremonies beyond the crowd.

Saw Monsignore Mezzofanti, a distinguished linguist. It was said he could speak fluently fifty to sixty languages. He looked a dapper little fellow, full of life and activity compared with many other of the lordly Churchmen. He afterwards was made a cardinal.

Among my engagements with Mrs. Gannett was one to visit the Colosseum by torchlight the following evening. Accordingly, Dr. and Mrs. Gannett, myself and a *valet de place*, started off in a carriage to the Colosseum, where some torches were provided; and we explored the old ruin. Dr. Gannett was very venturesome, walking to the brink of precipices, filling us with apprehension for his safety; but, happily, we finished the exploration without accident. I will here say that Dr. Gannett was the most childlike and best man I ever knew.

I met here in Rome, Commodore Isaac Hull, —

the commodore whom I had seen twenty-five years before marching up State Street with his gallant crew in such a halo of glory. He invited me to go with him to Cranch's studio, to see his bust Cranch was making. After this, we were invited to Thorwaldsen's studio. We found him (Thorwaldsen) an agreeable little white-headed old gentleman: colossal horses, and other works of art, filled his room. Mr. Morse the artist (afterward inventor of the telegraph) was very kind and attentive to us.

Left Rome after a fifty days' sojourn, — Rome, the "Eternal City!" — what a wilderness of ineffable thought to revel in! Entering the city by the Porta del Popolo, the first view gives a strong impulse to the imagination. Opposite the great oval piazza, stand the stately twin-churches. Three beautiful streets radiate from here, passing on either side of the churches, and losing themselves in the mass of buildings beyond: at the ends of the oval are sculptured fountains, whose waters never cease to flow. On the left rises the Monte Pincio, with its beautiful gardens and buildings; and on the right, in the distance, towers the peerless dome of St. Peter's. This view, for its effectiveness, is probably the finest Rome affords. The traveller hastens through the Corso to the Capitol,

and, from the Tarpeian Rock, gazes upon the Forum below.

What a feast to the classical scholar is a walk through the Via Sacra! the Temples of Concord, Jupiter Stator, and Jupiter Tonans; the Temple of Peace, and the Temple of the Sun, the golden palace of Nero, and the mighty Colosseum, all in ruins. Here are the triumphal arches of Septimus Severus, Titus, and of Constantine. And here, too, stands the Marmatine Prison, in which the apostle Peter was confined, and where the miraculous spring of water still gushes forth.

In another part of the city, the hole is preserved where was planted the cross of St. Peter; and over it stands a sacred edifice, wherein was baptized Constantine the Great.

The steps of Pilate's palace (transported from Jerusalem) are here held sacred, as having been pressed by the Saviour. They are guarded by soldiers day and night, and no mortal is allowed to pass over them except upon his knees. Adrian's Tomb, now the Castle of St. Angelo, brings us to St. Peter's Church, and the Vatican, a world in itself; a temple probably far surpassing any ancient, as well as modern, work. One is never wearied here.

These scenes, recalling the events of past ages,

all conspire to fill and overwhelm the mind, — Rome, an ecclesiastical government! the predominating class, priests, monks, and mendicant friars.

*Rome, April 12th,* 1837. — Left this day for Civita Vecchia, with Mr. Croughton, and engaged passages per steamer "Faramond," for Leghorn. By the non-arrival of the vessel, occasioned by continuous storms, we were detained some ten or twelve days at Civita Vecchia. During this interval, our only amusement was the opera. The theatre was connected with the hotel, and performances given nightly, and well patronized by the strangers, gathered in large numbers, detained by the storm.

"La Sonnambula," the only opera given, was quite charming. At length a change came: fair weather set in, steamers arrived; and we departed for Leghorn, and arrived there safely.

Left Leghorn, June 6th, on my way to America, per "Columbo." Landed at Genoa, spent two days there; thence proceeded to Turin and Geneva to Paris. The evening of my arrival visited the Academy Royal, and there met a gentleman — one of the secretaries of the house of Moore & Co. of Trieste — who informed me of the failure of Bell & Grant, George Wildes & Co., and others of London, and of the embarrassment of our Leghorn friends, and of much trouble in the finan-

cial world generally. Upon learning this startling news, I determined to proceed to London the same evening.

Left Paris at 10 P.M.; reached London *via* Calais and Dover; called on Bell & Grant, condoled with them on the state of the financial world; rushed on to Portsmouth to waylay the London packet for New York, but only to see the ship in the distance under full sail; then without delay, I returned to London and to Liverpool, and there engaged passage per ship "Roscoe," Capt. Delano, for New York. The ship was crowded with passengers, — a large number applying who could not be accommodated. At this time a great many people found themselves short of funds, and were unable to move, suffering much distress and delay. We left Liverpool, June 25th, and arrived at New York, July 25th, 1837.

## CHAPTER X.

THE ship "Alciope" had been chartered on our account for Sumatra early in the year, and Capt. Francis A. Thompson engaged as commander and supercargo, with Mr. George E. Channing as clerk.

I will mention here that Capt. Thompson was a graduate of West Point, but, having little desire for a military life, petitioned for a commission in the navy, which was granted.

In the mean while he shipped as a sailor before the mast, on board the ship "Parthian," for a three years' voyage to the Sandwich Islands and the north-west coast of America, arriving home at Boston as second mate of the ship. He embarked as chief mate of the "Candace," in which vessel I made the two voyages to Sumatra (after the piratical robbery), and on his return to Boston was appointed to the command of the new brig "Pilgrim," bound to California for hides. At California he was transferred to ship "Alert," and brought her home to Boston.

Richard H. Dana, in his story of "Two Years Before the Mast," gives a glowing account of this homeward voyage of the "Alert," scorchingly criticising Capt. Thompson ; yet he was a man of steel, and as smart as any man I ever sailed with.

Now, as master and supercargo of ship "Alciope," Thompson duly arrived at Sumatra, and, in course of trade, obtained about one-third of a cargo of pepper, when some trouble arose between the captain and the natives. The latter seized him, demanding ransom-money for his release. After a day or two he (the captain) gave the juretulis a paper, saying it was an order for the money, directing him to take it on board the ship to the mate. But this order was to tie the juretulis to the capstan, and lash him with a rope's end, to within an inch of his life ; which order the mate carried out to the letter. After this there was very little hope for the captain. They placed him in a pen, as they would secure a tiger ; but in the night (whether by outside assistance or not, I cannot say), he managed to extricate himself from his cage, and ran down the coast some ten miles, where he succeeded in getting on board a French vessel, the master of which put him on his own ship ("Alciope"). Immediately Thompson set sail, and weighed anchor, running as close to the

shore as he dared, and firing into the bazaar until his stock of ammunition was exhausted: then he sailed for the Straits of Malacca. Off the port of Puloo Penang, Capt. Thompson and Mr. George E. Channing both died of fever, contracted at Sumatra; and the business of the voyage devolved upon Mr. Conner, previously mate of the ship.

Her cargo was completed with pepper at Puloo Penang; and she proceeded on her way, and safely arrived at Leghorn.

After six months' sojourn in the United States, I embarked Feb. 13th, 1838, per ship "Sterling," Capt. Neef, for Havana, Cuba, with Mr. Amos Atkinson and son (William P.), and Mr. Benjamin E. Morse, passengers, and arrived at Havana, Feb. 28th. For a little speculation, before leaving Boston, I had chartered a vessel, the "Canton Packet," for Cuba and the north of Europe, at £3 10*s.* per ton, and, on her arrival at Havana, re-chartered her for St. Petersburg, at £5 10*s.* per ton. I remained in Cuba two months, visited Matanzas, Cardinas, and several plantations in the interior of Cuba. At the sugar-plantations of Mr. Taylor, one night I wandered out, strolling about ten rods from the house, and returned.

The next morning at breakfast I mentioned my

walk, when all were horrified to think of the danger I had incurred of being torn by the bloodhounds, which were loosened after a certain hour, to guard and protect the place. I was ignorant of this. The hounds must have been prowling at some extremity of the grounds, not to have observed me. My escape was wonderful. I have since often thought of it.

On the passage from Matanzas to Havana, per steamer "Almendares," Capt. De Soto, in conversation, told me that he had been condemned, and sentenced to be executed, at Boston, for piracy in robbing the brig "Mexico" while on a voyage to Sumatra. Several others were condemned with him. Eventually, he (De Soto), by reason of some extenuating circumstance, was pardoned by President Jackson. He then drew from his bosom a miniature of Jackson, and said he looked upon him now as his father. And he always called him father.

The yellow-fever was prevalent in Cuba. When I left, I had an incipient attack; and it strengthened on the passage per "Cristoval Colon," in which ship I had embarked for New York, where I arrived May 8th. I was confined to the house at Boston for several weeks before wholly recovering from it.

Remained at home during the summer months,

and arranged a voyage per ship "New England," Capt. Isaiah Woodbury, for Sumatra, for pepper to Genoa, with Messrs. Morro, Alberti, & Co.; and she sailed Nov. 7th, 1838.

My brother Franklin started on his second voyage to India per bark "Brighton" (his first having been as clerk to Mr. B. E. Morse, per ship "Eben Preble," to Calcutta and back).

After remaining at home for about fifteen months, I embarked Aug. 1st, 1839, per steamship "Great Western," for Bristol, England. There were many passengers, — among them, Mr. Nulte, a cotton-speculator of great fame; Mr. Amos Atkinson, Prince Murat, and many people of note, whose names I cannot now remember. The fare and comforts of this passage were sumptuous. The "British Queen," a rival steamer, sailed the same day. I had engaged a berth on this vessel, and exchanged it for one on the "Great Western," in order to accompany my friend Mr. Atkinson. We arrived in twelve days and a few hours, and it was reported the shortest passage ever made at that time. After a few days' travel from Bristol through Bath and other places of interest, with some New-York friends, fellow-passengers, we reached London the 18th of August, 1839, and took quarters at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square.

On our way passed through Windsor, and saw the young queen, Victoria, in her carriage.

After a few days' stay in London, left for Rotterdam, where I stopped three days. On the evening of the last, I attended the wedding of a couple, connections of friends. It was a very brilliant affair. Took passage on a steamer up the Rhine, where I met the newly married couple, starting on their wedding-tour. I found them very companionable. We spent a day at Cologne, and passed on to Coblenz, Frankfurt, and Strasburg. Here we left the boat, and took coach to Zurich. At Zurich an outbreak occurred between the people and the Government; and all the night previous, men tramped through the streets in military style, armed with staffs, stakes, etc., and in regiments.

At 9 or 10 A.M. they formed a semicircle around the artillery barracks, when firing commenced. Then such a rush took place as can scarcely be imagined. I was carried nearly the whole length of a street before obtaining shelter. All gates and doors were speedily barred. Finally I got into a yard, where I remained, with others, until about 2 P.M., when I ventured forth, and reached the hotel in safety. The hotel was on a piazza, or square. I do not recollect the name. Several people were shot down; and there were many pools

of blood, into which the mutineers dipped their weapons. The bodies of the slain were taken into the neighboring churches. The burgomaster and his officers fled away to Lucerne.

At Zurich I was likely to be detained on account of my passport lacking the Austrian seal and signature. After much annoyance I found an old passport with an Austrian seal, the which I appended to my present one. Upon seeing the seal, I was allowed to pass.

At Lucerne we met at the hotel the officials of Zurich, and dined with them at the *table-d'hôte.*

From Lucerne we made the very interesting trip by steamer down the lake to Fluellen, to Altorf and Andermatt, and over the St. Gothard to Magadino, and down Lago Maggiore to Milan, where we arrived Sept. 22nd.

The ship "New England" arrived at Genoa, Oct. 31st, 1839, which vessel I came out to superintend and to despatch. She having sailed for Palermo for fruit for Boston, I, after two visits to Leghorn, and one to Florence, took my departure for home *via* Marseilles, Lyons, Paris, London, and Portsmouth. Here I embarked per ship "Samson" for New York, and sailed Jan. 5th, 1840. After a terrible passage of fifty-two days, arrived, and proceeded at once to Boston.

## CHAPTER XI.

DURING the year 1840, after despatching my brother Franklin to Cuba and St. Petersburg, per ship "Barnstable," my attention was absorbed in my engagement and marriage to Miss Elizabeth S. Towne, daughter of Capt. Solomon Towne, formerly of ship "Galatea," in the East-India trade. The marriage occurred Aug. 11th; and we began housekeeping at Walnut Street, No. 4, Boston. We started on a trip, by the steamship "Columbia," Capt. Judkins, for Liverpool, July 1st, 1841, — myself and wife, and fellow-passengers, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bourne, four children, Miss Luke, governess, and Murry, a colored servant-man. We duly arrived, and proceeded the following day to London, where we put up at the Brunswick House, Hanover Square. At this time John Tyler was President of the United States, Daniel Webster secretary of state, and Mr. Stevenson was minister to England. I was bearer of despatches from Mr. Webster to our minister. I hastened to deliver the package of despatches I had in charge,

and called at an early hour on Mr. Stevenson. I found him at his office and alone. I had a very pleasant confab with him, — told him that my wife and self were on our wedding-tour. He invited us to attend the Queen's drawing-room, to be held in course of a fortnight. I told him it would be impossible, as we should then be in Paris. "But," replied he, "you must come on from Paris." I repeated, "No, it will be impossible;" to which he said, "Many would gladly come from Paris for such an opportunity." I thanked him very heartily for his kindness. He seemed surprised that I should let the chance slip.

For a fortnight to three weeks we were engaged sight-seeing, for this was the first visit to London of the whole party excepting myself. Every thing of note was pretty thoroughly explored.

England is termed a nation of shopkeepers; and of course London is filled with this class, all as busy as bees, intent upon their gains.

London is of deeper interest to an American than any other foreign city, for it was the home of his ancestors; and the very names of its streets and noted places are as familiar to him as household words.

This interminable city is of such extent that the stranger may visit new streets each day for years

without seeing the whole of it. The curiosity of the traveller seldom carries him beyond the following circuit: from the Houses of Parliament, through Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, down the Strand, through Temple Bar, up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Church, through Cheapside to the Tower, thence to the Bank of England and vicinity, Newgate Street to High, Holborn, Oxford, and Regent Streets, Piccadilly, Haymarket, Pall Mall, and St. James' Streets, Regent's, Hyde, Green, and St. James' Parks, back to the starting-point at Westminster Abbey; and all this is but a very small portion of London.

Westminster Abbey is the object of the greatest interest. Here one gleans a complete history of England from the monuments which line the walls. Immediately at the entrance, on the left arm of the cross called "Poets' Corner," are buried the distinguished writers of England. Conspicuous among the monuments are those of Shakspeare, Garrick, Gay, and Ben Jonson. In the nave rest the naval and military heroes. Among these monuments is that of Major André, a name familiar to Americans. At the right arm of the cross are the tombs of other distinguished men. A conspicuous monument here is that of William Pitt, Earl Chatham.

At the head of the nave, in Henry VII.'s chapel, are the tombs of the royal family.

London enlists the affections of an American from the associations of the past; and were he to visit but one city abroad, this would be his choice.

From London we (a party of ten) went to Southampton, where we embarked for Havre per packet-steamer. Soon after leaving the port, a storm arose, and such a time as was experienced by the passengers! furniture, chandeliers, all adrift and smashed to pieces, to the imminent danger of those who lay about the floor, mingled together with the broken glass; but at midnight we safely arrived, and the steamer secured a berth at the quay. One of the crew, entangled in the rigging, fell overboard; instantly some half-dozen men plunged into the water, creating a commotion that was very startling for a while; the man was saved, as were also the half-dozen others.

We landed at midnight, and wandered through the town to find the Hotel de l'Europe: it being full, we set forth again, and finally brought up at the L'Amiraute, where we were accommodated to our satisfaction. The next day we left for Paris by *poste*, in two carriages, and arrived safely at Meurice's Hotel, where we took apartments, and commenced at once a thorough exploration of the

city; this lasted for a fortnight; during this time we had frequent opportunities of seeing his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, and his family. My wife and I now took leave reluctantly.

Paris is indeed a beautiful city. One picture, and the finest, may be seen from the centre of Place de la Concorde. In front is the Palace of the Tuileries; on the right, the Chamber of Deputies; at the left stands the Madelaine; and in the rear, through a long vista of trees, at the Barrière d'Etoile, one sees the Triumphal Arch of Napoleon. These buildings are all at great distances apart; the intermediate spaces being filled by the Garden of the Tuileries, Champs Elysées, fountains, statues, and rare shrubs and trees, — a view not surpassed in Europe.

The heart of Paris is encircled by a broad belt of streets called *boulevards*, where are the theatres, opera-houses, *cafés*, restaurants, and every place of public resort and amusement that can be desired, no one of which ever lacks patrons. One extreme is generally followed by another; and we will turn into the Place de Grève, which has been washed in blood over and over again, and where Robespierre himself expiated his crimes by the guillotine. We have only to think of the deeds perpetrated in this Place de Grève, the sanguinary

revolutions, and the massacre of the Huguenots, to satisfy ourselves, that, although the French people are the gayest in the world, they have also another side.

We engaged passage for Marseilles per diligence, travelling through Lyons, Avignon, to Marseilles, thence per steamer "Charlemagne" to Genoa. We were nine days on the way, and reached there Aug. 15th, and put up at Hotel di Londra. Afterwards we took apartments in Strada Nuova in Palazzo Brignole.

*Oct. 8th,* 1841. — A son was born to us this day. I commenced writing a book, "Paul Aermont's Adventures." Wrote with vigor the first few weeks, then slackened up a little, as other duties demanded my attention.

At this time, there was much military drilling going on ; and troops were continually marching by our house, through Strada Nuova, to and from the camp-ground ; and almost daily we saw the King Carlo Alberti and his son, Victor Emmanuel, — his renowned successor, — accompanying the troops.

We went to a ball at the Casino, managed by Prince Doria. The Marchioness Balbi, the most noted belle of Genoa, was present: she was a Pallavicini, and indeed beautiful. This was the first of two given during the Carnival, and was

attended by Prussians, Spaniards, Danes, Portuguese, and English. *We* were the only Americans. There were five contra-dances, and five waltzes, alternating; and between each, refreshments were served. No one waits for introductions at any of these balls. On the evening of the 17th January, 1842, a ball was given at the Doge's Palace by the governor. This was a very splendid affair. All the nobility, naval and military officers, were present, together with the *élite* of Genoa. We were presented to the governor, and Mrs. Field felt highly flattered at some special attentions paid her by him. The apartments of this palace are very richly furnished, and the *salon* large and magnificent.

*Feb. 2d.* — Attended a ball at the Cambiaso Palace, given by the Casino Club for the benefit of the infant-schools. It was a beautiful palace; the suite of apartments magnificent. The ceilings are painted in fresco exquisitely, said to be the finest in Genoa. We went about 10 P.M., and left between 2 and 3 A.M., some of the company remaining until after 7 A.M. This is the season of carnival.

*Feb. 7th.* — Went this evening to a masked ball at the theatre. The seats of the parquet were all removed, and the stage covered, making a very

large and splendid room. Mr. Ropes, an American from Salem, accompanied us. We went at twelve o'clock, and came home at two; were much entertained.

*Feb. 8th.* — This the last day of carnival; went to the theatre; a very full house. The *prime donne* were applauded very much, and were obliged to sing their best pieces twice; it being the last evening of the season, the only time when it is permitted to repeat.

*Feb. 9th.* — Visited the gallery of paintings in the palace in which we live (Brignole). This is a choice collection painted by the most celebrated masters. The state rooms in this palace are fine, all hung with valuable pictures; ceilings with fresco-paintings; statuary, etc. But these magnificent rooms are tenantless, the owner and his family residing in Paris, as he is the Sardinian minister; and every thing looks gloomy and deserted. This is the case with most of these Genoese palaces: the family live in some of the smaller apartments, while the grand rooms are closed most of the time. A stranger passing through would think them entirely unoccupied.

*Feb. 12th.* — Visited the palace of the king in Strada "Balbi." It is very large, and most of the rooms are magnificent: there are very many cov-

ered with beautiful paintings. In one are three or four very large pieces of Gobelin tapestry.

*Feb. 16th.* — Left Genoa for Marseilles, thence to Paris, where we stopped at the Hotel du Rhin in Place Vendome. After making a little trip alone to London, Rotterdam, and Brussels, I returned to Paris. When on board the steamer from Rotterdam, a passenger approached, and asked if I were Mr. Field of America. "I am," I replied. "Well, said he, "do you remember attending a wedding at Rotterdam some years ago, and steaming up the Rhine with the happy pair on their wedding-trip?" — "Perfectly," I replied. "I am that groom, and the bride sits there," said he, pointing to a beautiful girl. I was presented; and we talked over the incidents of the occasion, and had a pleasant trip in company.

Remained at Paris a month, when we started for Havre, where we engaged passage per ship "Duchesse d'Orleans" for New York, and sailed March 24th; arrived May 1st, 1842. Passed on the passage a large iceberg, longitude 38° 30′ W.; and another, very much larger, on the same day, ten miles distant.

At Boston found all well.

This concluded my sea-peregrinations. I resumed business at No. 52 Central Wharf, and con-

tinued a general East-India business. I had bought the ship "Arbella," and sent her to India previous to this time (1842). I sold out my interest in her; and she was finally condemned at Mauritius, when on a voyage to Calcutta with a cargo of ice.

Then, with a party in interest, I bought ship "Logan," at public auction, for fourteen thousand dollars. She made a voyage to New Orleans, Havre, and Sumatra, to Genoa, where she arrived Nov. 14th, 1841, and sailed thence to Batavia for sugar, etc., thence to Genoa. Afterwards she was despatched to Manila for hemp and sugar, which she procured, and sailed for Boston, but was never afterwards heard of.

## CHAPTER XII.

OF Sumatra, judging from my stand-point, it is the last place in the world where I should ever wish to send any young friend: and my experience has been pretty large; for I have made to that coast *five* voyages; loaded, and assisted in despatching, *ten* cargoes of pepper; have been interested in them all; and this covers a period of more than ten years.

In the first place, the climate is very unhealthy: malignant fevers are prevalent and fatal. Some of the ports, or inland bays, where the anchorage-ground is mostly surrounded by the land, are especially dangerous; while those lying outside are more healthy. Often it happens that a boat's crew cannot get off to the ship, by reason of a high and dangerous surf, so have to sleep on shore. My brother died of malignant fever contracted on shore; also, Capt. Towne of the "Congress," Mr. Richard Lovett, Capt. Thompson, and Mr. George E. Channing of the "Alciope," were all victims of this same malignant fever contracted

at Sumatra; and many sailors die there, whose names are never mentioned.

In the second place, the coast is very dangerous from the terrific surf. Every year cases of drowning are reported. Capt. Nichols of bark "Malay," I think, with two of his men, was drowned in the surf while going on shore. I have seen a sampan, or large pepper-boat, pitch, and come down on her stem, and break up so completely as not to leave a vestige of her wreck larger than a clapboard; and drowning of sailors and native boatmen are frequent.

In the third place, there is great danger from the treachery of the Malays. Remember the cutting-off of the ship "Friendship" at Qualah Battoo, when a number of the officers and crew were murdered, and the ship plundered. The Government sent out the frigate "Potomac" to seek satisfaction for the outrage. The satisfaction obtained was the bombardment of the bazaar of Qualah Battoo, and its destruction; while the ship "Eclipse" was plundered of twenty-seven thousand dollars.

For myself, I had little or no trouble with the Malays. On the last day of loading the ship "Candace," on her second voyage at Mingin, I had given notice to the juretulis that I could not take over five hundred piculs more; and yet the people were bringing bags of pepper down in great quantities,

and rushing it to the scales, actually quarrelling among themselves for precedence. Finally I had to declare that I would not weigh another bag, and gave orders to my men to knock off, and take down the scales, and with the weights load them into our boat. Such a clamor arose as was actually frightful. We walked hastily and tremulously into our boat, followed by a crowd of disappointed pepper-holders, with their stocks remaining on hand, having to transport them back to their homes at considerable expense, to be kept over until the next season. It was not to be wondered at, the poor fellows were disappointed ; for the season had terminated, and they had no hopes of another ship for a year. Some of the pepper had been brought to the scales, a distance of seven miles, on the heads of men, carrying each a single bag of two piculs weight.

Some of these men waded knee-deep in the water, and some held on to the boat. We loosened their grip, and I cannot express how thankful I was to get into deep water safely. Lebby Samatt, the juretulis of Muckie, came with us to assist ; and, as we pulled alongside the ship, he expressed gratification at our escape from injury, saying he had great fear for me ; and how he trembled !

But all these dangers are offset to some extent

by the supercargoes being wholly thrown upon their own resources: they learn to act for themselves, being independent of commission-houses, and thus, I think, gain strength of judgment. I might have reported many little incidents as they occurred. I will mention a few that now come to my mind.

One day, when travelling down the coast some miles with a Malay, he suddenly clapped his hand on my shoulder, and pointed to a tree. There I beheld the longest serpent I had ever seen: it was not less than twenty feet in length, and as large as my wrist, — very small in proportion to its length. I fired my gun, and hit the reptile near the head. After writhing a while in the tree, it fell to the ground, and died. It would have been a great curiosity in any museum.

A conspicuous fellow, who had a story connected with his history, which was very interesting, was often to be seen standing about the scales.

One night when sitting on his doorsteps, one foot hanging down, he fell asleep. After some time he was awakened, to behold an immense serpent at the steps, with one of his legs in its mouth, and swallowed up to his hip. The terror-stricken man raised his left foot, inserted his heel in the corner of the reptile's mouth, and drew forth the other foot. The man, when released,

decamped, and the serpent fled also. I frequently spoke with the man about this case, who said his leg was sore for a long time after.

In telling this story in the family, I often assumed to be the person myself, which enhanced the zest very much.

I went ashore with the boat's crew to commence work one morning, when I was attracted by a man lashed to a tree near the scales, his wrists bound together with rattan so tightly that his hands were swollen to double their natural size; and he was altogether in a pitiable condition.

I asked, "What has this man done?" — "He killed a man last night," replied the officer who had him in charge. "If you will take him on board your ship, and carry him away to your country, where he can never more return to Sumatra, you can have him." I declined to take the man, a murderer. He was unbound from the tree, and, impelled by his sufferings, ran to the water, being held by a rope in the hands of the officer. He plunged in, and was apparently drowned before my eyes, the officer holding him under. After some minutes he was drawn out on to the beach, when he sat up! Upon this he was dragged back. The officer, with an assistant, placed a piece of bamboo across his neck, and held it there until the man was dead. He was

then dragged away by the two men out of sight. The Malays, pepper-men, and others standing about the scales, did not seem to notice in the slightest degree what was going on.

The pepper-plantations at Sumatra are confined to about 3° of latitude, on the north-west coast of the island, between 1° and 4° north, where ships go for pepper especially. In about 1° north latitude lies Pulo Nyas, an island where a large trade in slaves is carried on by the Chinese in junks, taking females principally, retailing them at the ports on Sumatra, and probably at ports on Borneo also. A junk came into Muckie while we were loading pepper, with a large number of girls for sale. The Malays bought some of them. I was invited to visit a bazaar to look at one, brought on shore for exhibition, probably the belle of the cargo. I looked at the girl: she was really pretty. I asked the price: the owner said he would sell her for fifty-five dollars. I suppose he would have accepted fifty dollars; but I didn't wish to purchase at any price, and came away.

On my third voyage to Sumatra, I was taken ill of the tertian fever, which I could not throw off: it clung to me for nearly two years, off and on. On my next voyage to Sumatra, while in port loading pepper, an English Government ship came

to anchor, with, I learned, a surgeon on board: at the time I was suffering from this fever. I saw him, and told him of my trouble: he said he could cure me instantly. "I would like to have you do it," I replied; when he gave me a dose of quinine, as much as one could heap on a ten-cent piece, or half a teaspoonful, wrapped in a moistened wafer; this I took on board his ship: and he supplied me with half a dozen doses, to be used when I felt the chills or fever coming on; but I never felt them after the first dose. I at once began to dispense quinine to the numerous natives suffering from the tertian fever; but, having a limited stock, I could not do much.

On my next trip, I supplied myself with a large quantity, say several bottles, with wafers in proportion. On arriving, I began to treat cases of fever and ague, and was successful. Daily applications were made for this wonderful medicine; many wanting it to hold in reserve for themselves, many for sick friends: and presents of fruit, eggs, etc., were constantly coming on board ship from those who had been relieved.

One day a man came to me, and asked for some of that medicine, which he wished for a sick friend. I told him to bring his friend to me, and I would see if he needed it. "He lives too far off on the

mountain," said he: "he cannot come." — "Then, I will go to him," I said. "You cannot get there: it is too high, and too far distant," he replied. "Can a goat get there?" I said. "A goat! Yes, a goat can, but you cannot." — "Well," said I, "if a goat can, I can try;" and with the man I started on the way. I was always prepared with half a dozen papers of quinine and a vial of castor-oil, in cases of emergency. We travelled up hill, over almost impassable tracks. I became so fatigued I had to lie down and rest: after five minutes I started again, and walked only two or three rods when I was obliged to lie down again. We had nearly reached the place, when my companion ran ahead, and made preparations for me by dislodging the invalid from his bed. I followed, and staggered along to the patient, and was soon ensconced in the prepared bed. After resting a while, I examined the patient, and gave him a dose of castor-oil, and left with him three doses of quinine with wafers, one of which was to be taken the next day, and one a day after, instructing him how to take them. I then looked about, and beheld a very magnificent scene; our ship appearing like a miniature vessel, way down, apparently, at our feet; and beyond, an extensive ocean view; and inland, rugged mountains, — altogether a wonder-

ful scene, such as amply repaid me for the trouble of attaining it. On our return, I thought how much we had been exposed to attacks of wild animals, as many places seemed perfectly fitted for them. The descent from the mountain was comparatively easy. I finally reached the shore in safety, where quite a number had collected to receive us, all deeming the excursion an exploit. Some few days after, I learned that the man was much better.

The Malays have their religious festivals (Mahomedan festivals) as well as other people. I was invited on shore to witness one of these exhibitions: they take place periodically, about the full of the moon. This one was held at midnight. It was in a large sanctuary, or pavilion, where the Malays entered at all times to perform their rites of worship.

On this occasion, there were about a hundred persons sitting on the floor in a circle, each with a small tambourine, which was beaten in unison. At one side of the circle sat two or three priests, or Toonkoos as they are called. A small chalice with gum benzoin was kept liquid by a lamp. Then several of the novitiates came in, and danced to the taps made on the tambourines; the more enthusiasm, the louder the noise on these instru-

ments. And, when worked up to the highest pitch, these novitiates — who were all the time brandishing knives, daggers, and other instruments, feigning to stab or cut themselves — suddenly rush into their work in earnest, and plunge their knives through their arms, and drive spikes with heads as large as oranges into their heads with mallets. Thus they continue to dance, without loosening the spikes, leaving the knives pierced through their arms. All this done, the excitement cools off : and, in case blood flows freely, gum benzoin is applied ; but the priests declare that blood will never flow from men of the true spirit. The whole was a sickening sight, and I came away. The next day I saw a couple of these devotees, who showed me their wounds : they had evidently been smeared with gum. I never attended a second service of this kind.

At the theatre in Leghorn one night, when a grand performance was given in the presence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and suite, and Queen of Naples, and a crowded and brilliant audience, Mr. Morse, myself, and friends occupied a box between that of the Grand Duke and the stage, on the right-hand side. I was sitting in front at the right-hand corner, when a gentlemen in court-dress appeared at our box. Mr. Morse, who was

standing, responded to the rap, when the stranger inquired, "Who is the gentleman sitting in front, on the right? The Queen desires to know, as he so much resembles her brother!" Mr. Morse replied, "That is an American, Mr. Field of Boston."

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN 1849, there raged a great fever throughout the country, caused by accounts of gold discoveries in California. I took the fever, and exerted my utmost to interest friends to join me in some adventures there. I succeeded at last; and we bought the ship "Alciope," Feb. 7th, 1849, for $4,800, and loaded her with the cheapest of boards, costing $12 to $13 per thousand, making the total cost of ship, cargo, outfits, and insurance, $16,740; and, on arrival at California, sold the lumber for $300 per thousand. April 23d, 1849, we bought the bark "Eurotas" for $9,000, and loaded her with the cheapest lumber also, making total cost of bark, cargo, outfits, insurance, etc., $19,320.15.

The cargo of this last vessel was partly sold at $300 per thousand. The whole was landed, but only partly delivered, when a great fire occurred, destroying a goodly portion of the lumber not delivered, which was lost to us.

We received, however, for the two cargoes, — in

gold-dust, — $122,542.76 ; giving us a net profit on the two vessels, clear of every thing, $86,482.61. I mention these particulars, as exaggerated statements of these gold adventures had gone into circulation. I wish to state the real facts : they were among the earliest adventures to California after the gold discovery.

The "Alciope" was sold, and buried in one of the wharves at San Francisco. The "Eurotas" was despatched to Manila, where she engaged a freight to New York, and was loaded, and ready for sea. A terrific typhoon arose, damaging the vessel so badly, that the cargo was transhipped to another ; and the "Eurotas" was condemned, and sold for the benefit of underwriters !

*Dec. 13th,* 1849. — We bought the ship "Ilzaide" for $14,000, and loaded her with lumber, lime, and other building materials, and despatched her for San Francisco, where she arrived ; and part of her cargo was landed, when she encountered a typhoon in port, and was damaged so badly as to render her unseaworthy ; and she was condemned, and her days ended !

*Jan. 17th,* 1850. — We bought the schooner "J. K. F. Mansfield" for $5,600, and sent her to San Francisco with an assorted cargo of provisions, groceries, etc. She arrived safely. She was

intended for a packet on the Sacramento River, to and from San Francisco, but, after two or three trips, was withdrawn, and sent a few times to the Sandwich Islands, and was sold. Then came the ship "Rockall," purchased for $25,500; was also sent to San Francisco, being the last vessel in which we were interested in the California trade. She was loaded with building materials; arrived out, landed her cargo, and sailed thence for Calcutta, and from Calcutta to Boston, and was sold. In the aggregate of losses, by these last three vessels, it absorbed about one-third of what the first two gained.

Then for an adventure in a new line of business we purchased the brig "Hayward" in June, 1851, and paid for her $5,750, and sent her to the east coast of Africa for the purpose of obtaining a cargo of cowries to dispose of on the west coast of Africa. She was loaded with a variety of cotton goods, lumber, groceries, etc. She visited Tamatave, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Muscat, Bombay, Seychelle Islands, and other places, and, not being able to procure cowries in sufficient quantities, abandoned that part of the voyage, and loaded for Boston with dates, cloves, elephants' teeth, etc. The vessel and cargo were sold, and the adventure closed.

## CHAPTER XIV.

IN 1852 I joined another concern, which required my services at home; and so I have continued to live in Boston many years without any adventures worth recording. In the spring of 1874, myself, wife, and daughter made a trip to California, overland. I had always entertained a desire to cross the American continent. It proved a very interesting excursion. We took the Boston and Albany Railroad, a sleeping-car for the passage through to San Francisco. We stopped a day or two at Chicago, which gave us an opportunity of seeing that city; passed a Sunday there. At this time it had been mostly restored from the effects of the great fire of 1871, and in many respects was in a vastly improved condition. We went to Dr. Robert Collier's church, and looked into the Pacific Hotel, a very splendid establishment, as is also the Palmer House where we stopped. Chicago is a very gay and lively city.

On Monday morning we started afresh, and travelled day and night to Omaha. Here we seemed

to take a new departure. Baggage was weighed, an account of it taken, then it was stowed away for the long journey. Baskets of provisions and refreshments were packed, here being a shop for the sale of every thing, pyramids of roasted chickens arranged on the counters with other dainties; although it was announced that the restaurants on the route provided by the railroad corporation were unequalled in every respect. We found them very nice and tidy; large, airy rooms, attended by selected Chinese boys decked in spotless white linen, and all alive to the wants of the travellers. Many of our passengers who had supplied themselves at Omaha, finding such good service, and such a bountiful supply of good things, left their baskets on the wayside.

From Omaha we began to learn who our fellow-passengers were. We happily found ourselves with a very agreeable company.

The travelling was very delightful. We saw many antelopes, but no buffaloes, excepting some few captured and secured in barnyards. Also we saw a large number of prairie-dogs.

The prairies seemingly are level, but that is not the case. They rise gradually and imperceptibly westward, until one finds himself at the top of the Rocky Mountains.

The view from these summits eastward was like looking at an endless ocean over which we had just traversed; while the view westward appeared looking into another world, so great was the contrast between the eastern and the western.

The descent from these mountains is circuitous; and the train runs by the side of precipices for many miles, startling the traveller at times with nervous frenzy. The views are constantly changing all the way down to Sacramento City. Here we paused a while. Long before this point is reached, however, men and boys came into the cars with baskets of the most delicious cherries ever tasted or seen by mortals. These cherries are brought out from San Francisco to forestall the market there.

After taking some refreshments at an exorbitant restaurant, we proceeded to San Francisco along the shore of the Sacramento River, a very muddy-looking stream. Arrived and engaged rooms at the Grand Union Hotel by the side of the Palace Hotel, then in course of building, showing a foundation for a colossal establishment. Our party remained together, and set forth, without loss of time, to inspect this wonderful city.

We drove through almost all the streets passable; went to the shore of the Pacific Ocean to see

the Rock Islets, where seals congregate and bellow; and to the garden, where many curiosities are to be seen, including a small lake with rocks, swarming with seals; here patrons may see them fed. We explored the Chinese quarters; went to the Chinese theatre, and looked into an opium smoking-den. In exploring these places, we were accompanied by a police officer.

I went myself to the wharf where the "Alciope" was buried; the spot being pointed out by Mr. Macondray, one of the partners of the house to which the ship was consigned. The ship was built in with the woodwork of the wharf originally, and afterwards covered with gravel and soil, so that no portion of the vessel could then be seen.

I saw a huge steamship lying at the quay, just arrived from China, smelling of tea and chunam, and overrun with Chinamen.

After a week in these researches, we travelled south to Santa Clara and San José, very pretty, fascinating little places. We went into a refreshment hall, and made a luncheon of bread and butter, milk and coffee. Our party agreed in declaring the bread and butter the nicest they had ever tasted. We passed the bishop's palace, and, going and returning by different routes, saw several of the palatial residences of the lucky gold finders

and speculators, and some of the old missions. After this journey south, we took another north, to visit the geysers,—a two or three days' journey, by a road the most beautiful imaginable, *via* Calistoga. The greater part of the distance the country was covered with brilliant flowers, shedding sweet perfumes.

Passing through some of the gold-bearing regions, we occasionally came to a shanty belonging to some broker of gold-claims, where specimens of ore of every degree of quality were exhibited to travellers, with solicitations to become interested in the mines.

Some parts of the journey, as we approached the geysers, were over mountains, and on the verge of precipices frightful to look over. The stages are open vehicles, and drawn by four or six horses: and the drivers are men determined to go ahead, and are not to be beaten; and they drive with lightning speed round sharp turns, and on the brink of precipices; and, if one attempts to expostulate with them for such rashness, they generally remark, "The horses are as anxious for safety as you are, and will cleave to the track."

There are terrible accidents happening every year on these roads, which are never known to the public. Notwithstanding all these risks, we

safely reached the geysers. The morning after our arrival, we set forth to examine these works of nature. They are but a short distance from the hotel. One hears a constant roar, like the blowing off steam from the boilers of some monstrous steamship; and, when you reach the Devil's Caldron, you can dip up from the puddles which surround it, cold water, hot water, pure water, filthy water, soda-water, ink, and almost every other kind of water to be thought of; and you would think the while, that a large corps of nature's workmen were below, working for dear life, to supply the demand above.

We were satisfied, and, after one day spent at these geysers, turned our faces toward San Francisco. We took a different route homeward, through the Santa Rosa Valley to Cloverdale, where we took the train to the bay.

## CHAPTER XV.

WE now made a trip to the Yosemite Valley. Taking leave of San Francisco, we left by rail for Stockton, — a busy, thriving town, — spent the night there, and, leaving our baggage, started with hand-bags by coach; passed two nights on the way; then we took to horseback-riding, accompanied by an ox-team drag, to relieve those who were weary of riding over snow. Finally we reached the entrance to the valley. We sat an hour gazing into it from a selected spot, a sight too grand for me to attempt to describe. Our party now was composed of about twenty ladies and gentlemen. As we proceeded, we met a return-party. On questioning them about the journey, they pitied us for the dangers before us. The descent is fearfully precipitous; but, when once in the valley, it is very level.

Imagine walls, some of them perpendicular, surrounding you, fifteen times higher than Bunker-hill Monument; the floor, a beautiful garden fragrant with flowers, covering an area of seven

miles in length by about one and a half in width, with the beautiful river Merced flowing through the centre, — imagine this, and you have a picture of the Yosemite Valley.

After a week's sojourn, having seen almost every thing in this beautiful valley, we left for Stockton, and resumed our travels on the Central Pacific Railroad to Colfax, where we alighted, and made a trip to Marysville. Here we spent two days on a ranch, then returned to Colfax, and continued our journey to Ogden, where we left the road, and went to Salt Lake City. We passed two days in seeing the Mormon city and Brigham Young. We called at the residence of the Mormon prophet, saw him and his councillors, complimented them on the selection of the spot they had made for the new city. "Yes," said Brigham, "it is a fine location; and we are not indebted to Boston for it." After some conversation, he asked us to subscribe our names in his book, which we did.

He said that Cyrus W. Field was there a day or two before, and asked what relationship between us. I said that he was from a branch of the same family.

Brigham Young was good-looking and genial, reminding me very much of Peter Brigham, at the

time a director of the Fitchburg Railroad of Massachusetts. We took leave, and walked to the Temple, which we explored, and drove about the city, and in the evening went to the theatre. Next day we returned to Ogden, where we took train by the Union Pacific to Cheyenne; thence proceeded to Denver, where we stopped two or three days; then, by the Kansas division of the Union Pacific Railroad, we continued our journey homeward *via* Kansas City, making short stops at Cleveland and New York, and arriving safely at Boston, the trip in every respect having been delightful.

About the 20th of December, 1875, I left Boston for a trip South, taking the Springfield train at 10 P.M.; the thermometer at ten degrees below zero; I thought to have frozen to death. I continued on the direct train to Baltimore, and then took a steamer down the bay to Norfolk. The next day a remarkable change took place in the weather: from zero the thermometer rose to eighty degrees of Fahrenheit. It was like midsummer, and so continued during this whole journey. I went over the navy-yard, and examined the old naval hulks, and found none worth considering a moment. Passed one day at the Norfolk yard: then I hastened onward to Charleston, S.C.; stopped two days there, and called on friends, and was very

pleasantly entertained. From Charleston I travelled to Savannah, and passed Christmas there with acquaintances; then continued by rail to Mobile, and from Mobile to New Orleans, arriving in the evening, and taking up quarters at the St. Charles' Hotel. I also found friends here, and the next day rambled thoroughly over the city, both the French and the English quarters; rode over to Lake Ponchartrain, and down to a sugar-plantation about where Gen. Jackson defeated the English army, and saved New Orleans; walked over the battle-ground, and came back. After a week's stay in New Orleans, I, with a party of friends, made a trip to Galveston, Tex., which was very interesting, through the lagoons: outside, it was very rough. Galveston is a sand island open to terrible storms, which often occur. We met some good friends there, who entertained us royally. Saw the Ice Folly of Senator Jones, and returned to New Orleans. Witnessed the "Mardi Gras" festival, and attended the grand ball, given in a very beautiful theatre. The "Mardi Gras," as given in New Orleans, surpassed any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. After this I took up my journey, and returned home to Boston. The people of the South I found full of grit, although poverty-stricken, as the buildings and lower classes clearly

showed; but they laugh as loud, and grin as broad, as ever before the war; and I did not perceive any of that desperate ill-feeling towards the North that they are said to indulge in. I was glad to reach Boston again, and for good.

In all my travels, I have never yet seen a city that I prefer to it, either as a residence or in which to educate a family; and I am happy to call Boston my home.

In 1878, my wife approving, we selected a spot in Weston, ten miles from Boston, where we built a dwelling-house, after the style of an Italian villa, for a summer residence; but after three or four years we concluded to make it our permanent home, naming it "Glenfeld."

Since I started in the struggle for existence in the world, great changes have taken place in the methods of doing business. Young men do not have the opportunities of travelling and seeing the world as I had. It may be said that I am one of the old school. It is true, my life has been a busy one, the poetry of it much enhanced by my travels. Even Sumatra has something fascinating about it, although so much to be dreaded. I have often thought I would like to visit it again for a brief period, but more than fifty years have elapsed since I was there. Who would be living now of

all my acquaintances? Probably not one would be there to greet me.

Contemporaries of sixty years ago, when I commenced my peregrinations, are scarce, and very few of them to be found anywhere.

I find myself always among younger people; but, happily, I retain my youthful feelings, and enjoy young society.

In 1852, when I joined another concern, which required my services at home, it was with Mr. Frederic Tudor (an aristocrat in every good sense of the word), who originated the ice-trade in 1805, a business promising a permanency beyond all others, the most secure for all time. But the progress of science nipped the flower in the bud. The artificial production of ice gave a new turn to the business, and the extensive East-Indian trade of the Tudor Company in the natural ice was abandoned. The Calcutta trade secured to Boston by reason of the ice-freights, is now turned into new channels, or dwindled away. The Sumatran trade, once so great and secure, is now changed and lost.

The Cuban and Russian trade in sugar, monopolized by Boston, has taken another current, and is lost. And it may be said that trade throughout the world is now undergoing a change, making all

specialties disappear. The record of the immortal bard is truly fitting when he makes Prospero say, —

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

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